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CHRONICLES OF TARRYTOWN AND SLEEPY HOLLOW

By EDGAR MAYHEW BACON

ILLUSTRATED

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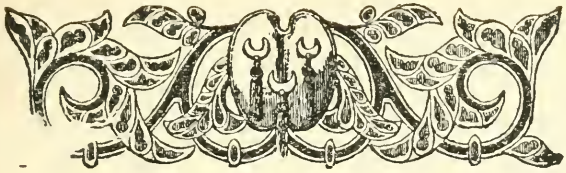


AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

MOST books of places are prefaced with the statement of a hope that they may "foster local pride." This little work is not offered with any such futile anticipation. The slow ox, Time, that Sydney Lanier pictures as browsing through his clover-field of poets and great men and names the "course-o'-things," sweeps away old landmarks like worthless rubbish. It is no less destructive in '97 than it was in '37 or at any other date, though not a few have been the heroic efforts to check its progress. Houses wherein generations have lived and died, haunted with memories, disappear each year to make place for bright new bricks and mortar—that is to say, for the planting of the seeds which, in time, will yield a crop of new chronicles.

But the policy of destroying old sites may be justly questioned either from an æsthetic or

from a business standpoint ; from the first, because the sentiment which grows upon the contemplation of that which is venerable and suggestive to the imagination is a pure and worthy one, and from the second because it often happens that the chief attraction to strangers (who from visitors not infrequently become residents), lies not in the new brick and mortar, but in the old shingle sides and gambrel roofs of colonial houses.

It is certain that the genius of Washington Irving has done a great deal to attract people to Tarrytown. It seems safe to say that all other agencies together have not brought as many people into this region as the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* has. Yet only last year the old house which was, according to Mr. Irving, the scene of the courtship, the home of Katrina van Tassel, was torn down to make way for a new schoolhouse. In 1866 Mr. James Miller wrote the following : " It is folly to quarrel with these changes. Cut down the trees that shade your loveliest brook, if you will ; let an adventurer dam it with his pin factory ; let your old Dutch church go to ruin; let boys

hack the woodwork and break the window-glass; show your fine taste by sticking your smart modern cemetery, with its spic-span tombstones on the hill-top to overcrow the simple relics of the venerable dead who sleep in the old graveyard below—but remember that all this is money out of your pockets. . . . Strangers will come to see these places that Irving has written about and they will not find them. They might have been cared for and preserved, and they would have paid the interest on all it would cost to keep them from destruction."

That was a good, honest plea, and as useless as it was earnest. The "course-o'-things" still browses in our historic field, and is no monster after all, but just the world's ox, doing the world's work. He has been always browsing, and the clover has always been springing again at his heels.

This book is a basket full of field fare that has been snatched from under his muzzle. If you do not want it he will come to it presently, and then, after deliberate scrutiny, the basket and its contents will go together.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE	v
I.—LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF EARLY SETTLERS	1
II.—VREDRYK FLYPSE—HIS CASTLE . .	5
III.—THE STORY OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH	39
IV.—SUNNYSIDE	66
V.—THE NEUTRAL GROUND	71
VI.—MYTHS AND LEGENDS	95
VII.—OLD SITES AND HIGHWAYS . . .	126
VIII.—TARRYTOWN IN WAR TIMES . . .	144
IX.—TO-DAY	149

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

OLD MANOR HOUSE ("FLYPSE'S CASTLE") AND MILL, TARRYTOWN . . . *Frontispiece*
Drawn by the Author.

OLD MILL—BUILT BY VREDRYK FLYPSE . . 8

OLD SLEEPY HOLLOW MILL 20

OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW . . 40
From a photograph by F. Ahrens.

INTERIOR OF OLD DUTCH CHURCH, SLEEPY HOLLOW, PRIOR TO ITS RESTORATION IN 1897 58
From a photograph by F. Ahrens.

"SUNNYSIDE." HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING 66

MONUMENT TO THE CAPTORS OF ANDRÉ . . 84
From a photograph by F. Ahrens.

THE JACOB MOTT HOUSE. HOME OF KATRINA VAN TASSEL 88
Drawn by the Author.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ 94
From a print in the possession of Dr. Coutant.

THE POCANTICO RIVER 102

OLD CHURCH GRAVEYARD 112
"Hulda's grave is close by the north wall."

PAGE

"He Beheld Something Huge, Misshapen, Black, and Towering" 114
From Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

"Just then he Heard the Black Steed Panting and Blowing Close behind him" 118
From Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

Bird's-eye View of Tarrytown 126
From a photograph by F. Ahrens.

"Lyndhurst." Home of Miss Helen Gould 130

Old Lane 140

The Castle 144
From a photograph by F. Ahrens.

Home of William Rockefeller 150
From a photograph by F. Ahrens.

Map of Tarrytown 152

CHRONICLES OF TARRYTOWN AND SLEEPY HOLLOW

CHRONICLES OF TARRYTOWN AND SLEEPY HOLLOW

I

LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF EARLY SETTLERS

THE houses of the early settlers were not homes of luxury by any means, and the thrifty pioneer did not know the taste of the bread of idleness. From the first his toil included the manufacture of many of the implements of labor, and what he or his women-folk could not produce they went without. For many years not a shop or store offered an alternative to home-spun and home-made goods.

The peddler, going his familiar round through the wilderness, with a pack that

rivalled the bazaars of Constantinople to the eyes of unsophisticated Annetjes and Gretchens, was a merchant of consequence; a guest to whom more than ordinary consideration was to be shown. The lace that trimmed a holiday stomacher, or the pinchbeck that adorned a plump hand or dangled against ruddy cheeks; the buttons that glittered on the Goedman's waistcoat, or the buckles that graced the dance in the manor-house kitchen, came from his mysterious treasure-box.

Once in a while a trading-boat put into the bay and tied up to a tree on the shore, while the word of its arrival, passing from mouth to mouth, brought the entire population flocking around it.

The people raised their own stock, their own cabbages and corn ; the wives spun and wove, brewed and baked, and the most celebrated were those who made the best sausages, or the most toothsome olykoeks.

If you could have gone into one of the little houses that were scattered here and there through the woods, you would have found meagre, rude furniture set upon sanded floors,

on which a pattern had been marked with a broom. A shelf of pewter and delftware was the only adornment of the pictureless walls, and the only object of grace or beauty in the room was apt to be the spinning-wheel, or the girl who ran it.

We must picture houses almost bare of what we would consider indispensable to life; cabins as rude as any camp in the woods, devoid of books, barren as the hut of a savage. Within these dwellings a sturdy hard-working race grew up to look upon the Lord of the Manor as little less than sovereign in his power and wisdom. The lore that their fathers and mothers brought from the old country must have seemed to them almost like fables; the Master, who divided his time between New York and his manor, took the proportions of a mysterious prince, while the dominie, who made long journeys to them from Hackensack three or four times a year, was armed with the authority of one who lived in another and larger world.

There is no local record preserved of games or amusements, but being Hollanders, and

therefore tenacious of old customs, it is safe to suppose that the tenants of Lord Flypse did not forget in their cabins the customs of the Fatherland. St. Nicholas, *goed heilig maan*, no doubt had come over with their other household gods, and if there was any secret charm that Annetje or Gretchen did not know, it was because their mothers were ignorant of it.

Of course, it must be understood that there were some among the tenants who were better educated than the rest, as, for instance, Abraham de Revere, who wrote the first minutes in the old record-book of the church in 1715; and we know that some soon exchanged their cabins for more comfortable houses, for a very few of those houses have stood until quite recently. But for the most part the tenantry of the estate were not enlightened, and their lives were very meagre.

II

VREDRYK FLYPSE—HIS CASTLE

ABOUT the year 1680, a royal grant gave to Frederick Philips, or Vredryk Flypse, the right to purchase and rule a large tract of land, of which the Indian village of Alipconc was almost the centre. There are several accounts of the origin of Flypse. According to John Jay the elder, he was of Bohemian birth, though his childhood was passed in Holland, to which country his mother had fled to escape religious persecution, she being a Protestant. Very little was saved in that pitiful exodus, and the young Flypse learned his trade at the carpenter's bench like any plebeian little Hollandish lad. A second migration, when he was still a youth, landed him upon the wharf at New Amsterdam, with no capital but his handicraft and

his brains. Another account makes him a native of Friesland, born in 1626, son of Frederic Felipse. It agrees with the former as to immigration and the carpenter's bench.

After a few years he abandoned carpentering and engaged in the fur trade, showing both shrewdness and capacity for business, in proof of which his marriage may be considered. A rival fur-trader, named de Vries, had the misfortune to die and leave a young widow whose attractions were no doubt enhanced by her wealth. The picture that Vredryk wanted was set in a golden frame.

Margareta Van Hardenbroek de Vries has been greatly praised for the wifely qualities she evinced. She, having a daughter by her first husband, became the mother of Flypse's three children, and his helpmate till he became firmly established as a man of influence in the colony. We infer, from such meagre data as can be obtained, that the wedding took place about 1660, and Margareta's death more than twenty years later, for her eldest children were nearly grown when her husband moved to his estate of Philipsburg, and a resolution of

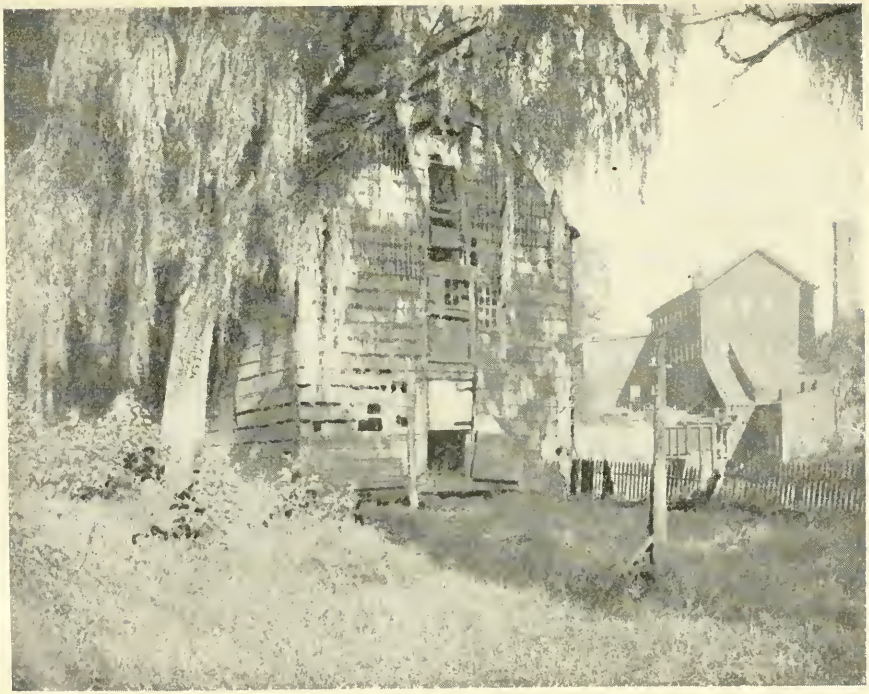
thanks offered to her by the tenantry of the manor proved her to have been living at that time.

A narrator of the year 1715 (Abraham de Revere, in his preface to the old church records) states that it had "Pleased his Royal Majesty of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, etc., about the year of our Lord 1680, to grant by prerogative, consent, and license, to the Honorable Fredryk Flypse, to freely buy in a certain sale of estate, a certain tract of land and valley situated in the county of Westchester, in America, beginning at the place of Spuyten Duyvel's kill and running north along the river to and on the kill of Kitch Awong (Croton), etc., as in the license and patent contained," and that Lord Flypse had contracted with —— [record torn] "to let any one settle on said land free, for certain stipulated years in order that it should as soon as possible be cultivated and settled."

The manor of Philipsburg came into Sir Vredryk's hands by several conveyances. Some of it was granted by the Crown, and a

portion purchased ; nor were all of his possessions acquired at the same time. Abraham de Revere was only partly right when he wrote his preface to the records of the old church. The site of Tarrytown cost only a few pounds of tobacco, hardware, and cloth, and a little rum. The entire catalogue of titles and grants, some confirmatory of others, extended from 1672 to 1693, when the signatures of William and Mary completed the series. The grant given by Governor Andros, confirming the Tarrytown or Pocantico purchase, is dated 1680.

No very positive statement can be made regarding the exact date of Flypse's settlement upon the manor. He built a manor-house, mill, and church on the Pocantico. 1683–84 and '85 are variously given as the years in which the two former buildings were finished ; but the same tradition which informs us that the house was completed in 1683 or 1684, presents to us a puzzle in the avowal that the bell and furniture for the church came over in the same vessel which brought the brick used in the chimney and other parts of the dwelling.



OLD MILL—BUILT BY VREDRYK FLYPSE

What makes this singular is the fact that the date cast in the metal of the bell is 1685. So that it appears that a bell was cast in Holland in 1685, and brought to this country two or three years earlier along with some brick that was used in a building, or buildings, erected in 1683. As will be readily seen, the solution to the difficulty will be found in the fact that the transport made several voyages. Vredryk Flypse was a large ship owner for that day, and his vessels did a considerable carrying trade between Holland, England, and the colonies.

One matter which the wiseacres have settled in a very off-hand way is that of the seniority of the Yonkers' manor-house over that of Tarrytown. I believe this to be an error. All the evidence seems to point to the fact that the Tarrytown mansion was erected too soon after the property was acquired to admit of another having been built on any part of the domain in the meantime; and there is not a shadow of trustworthy evidence that the house of Yonkers can lay claim to a date prior to the marriage of Eva Philips with Van Cortlandt, at

which time her father bestowed with her hand that part of the estate in dowry. It is not probable that Flypse lived at Yonkers, though there were undoubtedly shanties and a mill there at a very early time. The proprietor's journeys to Tarrytown were made from New York on horseback or by yacht.

Flypse was fortunately a man of taste as well as of business capacity. He chose for the site of his "Castle" the sloping bank at the head of the bay we have already referred to. It was a sunny spot, reclaimed by the woodman's axe from the forest. We can picture the new cornfields, backing against the sterile line of pine shadow and guarded by grotesque scarecrows that bravely flaunted cast-off great coats of linsey-woolsey and three-cornered beavers, worn with a rakish slant.

By the water's edge a new wharf of huge green logs confined the channel of the stream. Here was moored a curious vessel, with broad bows and stern set high in air, her bulwarks generously carven, and her cordage in what would seem, to the modern mariner, to be inextricable confusion. Groups of sturdy workmen,

unloading the yacht of her brick, hardware, or other cargo ; Dutch carpenters, plying the saw and broad-axe as they fitted the huge timbers for the new building ; a gang of negroes making the place ring with their laughter and songs as they carried burdens to and fro—all these might be seen busily engaged in rearing the manor-house. Back and forth among them, directing, encouraging, reproving, always alert, went the master. A man to be feared was Flypse. His erect figure and keen face marked a leader. In the affairs of the State, the counting-room, or the plantation it required a bold will to oppose him.

As the building progressed, the lady of the manor, perhaps, visited the place which was to be her home for a short time and where her children's young stepmother was afterwards to eclipse her so utterly that the country-side should forget that she had ever lived. No doubt the four bright children explored, as children of this later day do, the wonders of the witching stream that swirled and rushed over sunken bowlder and fallen tree-trunk to the place where their much respected father

was superintending the building of the dam. There the future grave chief-justices caught trout, and the embryo great dames, their sweet sisters, were mightily terrified at the distant sight of a chance bear.

At last the house was finished. It was solidly built of stone. Its walls were—and are still—of unusual thickness, and such care has been taken lately to cover them over, that time and the weather can find no point of attack. The roof was built, after the fashion of those days, with a double slant, and in its hewn timbers is a prophecy of strength for years to come.

In the southwest walls of the cellar two port holes or embrasures were cut, from which protruded the muzzles of small howitzers; they regulated trade as well as war. The old doors at front and rear of the hall were divided into upper and lower halves, and secured by heavy transverse bars of iron-bound oak, while the inner doors connecting the rooms show in their peculiar joiner work the hand of the Hollandish carpenter of the seventeenth century.

A squarely built, honest, and substantial

house was this, where tenants could flock for protection, and an army of savages be safely defied—as long as provisions held out. That there was very little danger of a scarcity in the larder we may judge from the generous pantries and cellars that fill their proportion of the old house. A tradition tells how Flypse, being annoyed by the thieving propensities of his slaves and some domesticated Indians, built a smoke-house, or room, in the ample chimney, and kept in his own pocket the key of a storeroom large enough to victual a garrison.

From the rear end of the wide hall, which at present occupies the centre of the mansion, runs a flight of stairs winding by three easy stages to the floor above. South of the upper landing is a succession of chambers opening into one another, all of considerable size, and the inner one, where probably stood the martial four-poster, as big as a hospital ward.

Flypse-his-Castle was a very large affair in its day. Its proprietor was one who had the reputation of being the best housed man in the colony. So strong had this impression become that, in 1689, a popular demand was made that

the public money of New York (amounting to £773. 12s.) be removed from the fort to Flypse's house.

History and tradition do not seem fully to agree concerning the manner of man that Flypse was. The traditionary Philips was a rather holy man, whose pride was in the church he built, whose tastes were rural, who was a pleasant, patriarchal old fossil, and to whom the winds of existence were somewhat miraculously tempered—but history makes no mention of his having even been a member of the church he built (at a day when church-membership meant little); documents and deeds show him to have been not only a successful merchant but a keen and powerful politician, who headed with Bayard and Van Cortlandt the patrician party in the colony. Before him and his immediate associates the strong Leislerian faction gave way ultimately, and by their appointed judges Leisler was condemned to death. So far from being noted for his peaceable adherence to the Dutch Reformed Church, he was at one time hotly charged with being a Papist.

There is something pathetic in this attempt of tradition to make a pleasant milk-and-water esquire out of the strong, resolute, hard-headed Bohemian carpenter boy, who fought his way with hard knocks from the obscurity of nothingdom to power as a patrician leader. He must have had, in common with many another self-made man, a large talent for forgetting; but, though he had lived among the people, he was not one of them in the sense of having learned their shibboleths. He worked always to compel fate to yield him a compensation for the privations of his youth.

On the 17th of October, 1683, the first popular assembly held in the colonies convened at New York and framed a "charter of liberties," wherein it was ordained that "every freeholder and free-man might vote for representatives without restraint." In this charter, as ratified, we find Flypse's name first upon the list of Aldermen. It mattered little to him through what channel power flowed to him; he trusted himself to hold by his wisdom and strength that which he gained by his tact.

He bitterly opposed Leisler, the popular

leader, and was one of those two officers who claimed in behalf of the colony, and as the representatives of the government, the letters of instruction brought over by Riggs from England. These letters were addressed to whoever might be in power. In a paper by Colonel Bayard, styled a " Modest and impartial account of several grievances and great oppressions, etc., etc," the writer makes a long showing of error and crime on the part of Mr. Jacob Leisler, and in the course of his narrative refers to Mr. Fred'k Philips and Stephanus Van Cortlandt as " Left in trust by the Lieut. Gov. for the keeping of the peace and legally governing their majesties' province, which they carefully and honestly would have discharged the trust reposed in them if they had not been prevented by this violator of our laws and liberties (Leisler), and that with more renown to their majesties as well as to the satisfaction of their liege people inhabiting the domain, etc., etc."

An account of the transaction of which Bayard especially complained has been preserved in the more legal form of a certificate signed

by Flypse and Van Cortlandt later. It reads: "Leisler sent over one of his pretended Lieutenants and two Sergeants for said Riggs (the bearer of the dispatches) *who sent for us* whose names are hereunto subscribed." They then went with him to the house of Leisler within the fort, where the latter not only disputed with them the possession of the papers, but, to use their own language, "The said Leisler told the said Riggs that we had nothing to do with the said government. *That we were Papists*, and the packets were directed to and belonged to him, and thereupon commanded and took the said packets out of the said Riggs his hands, bidding us to depart the said fort having nothing to do therewith—and used many opprobrious words to both of us." The "opprobrious words" were what rankled the longest, and perhaps had their share in tightening the rope around the neck of their author.

When Sir Henry Sloughter arrived in New York with gubernatorial power, Flypse and his colleague stole a march on Leisler, and while he anxiously awaited the new comer they boarded his vessel, and loading him with com-

pliments and civility brought him on shore. To cap this *coup d'etat*, their foe, grimly ensconced in the fort, suspiciously refused admittance to the new Governor. If the carpenter was skilful in driving home his nail, he was at least fortunate in having an enemy complacent enough to clinch it for him on the other side. So Sloughter was won; but so the two conspirators did *not* gain the seat they afterwards occupied in his council, for in the instructions which the new Governor brought over with him, the names of both appeared with all the attesting formulæ of the court at Whitehall. Under the great seal Frederick Philips was first named upon the list of councilmen to be called.

How Flypse found time, amid all the duties and troubles of his political career, to direct an extensive business and still give thought to his manor at Philipsburg, it is hard to see. Attend to it he did, however, and very thoroughly.

A few years after the grant was secured, he had not only finished his house but a mill as well, where his tenants came to have their corn ground, and where the Indians and

Whites used to carry on those trading operations that gave the aborigines some of their first impressions of Caucasian superiority. The old mill still stands, its empty granary a refuge for bats and squirrels and other untamed folk; its walls creak with the swaying of the willows that lean against it, and idly dabble their fingertips in the stream; yet the ancient structure wears its centuries very lightly. It speaks eloquently for the methods of Flypse, who as carpenter, trader, or legislator has left no record of half-done work. Whether he undertook to erect a mill or elevate a governor, he did not fail to accomplish thoroughly what he took in hand.

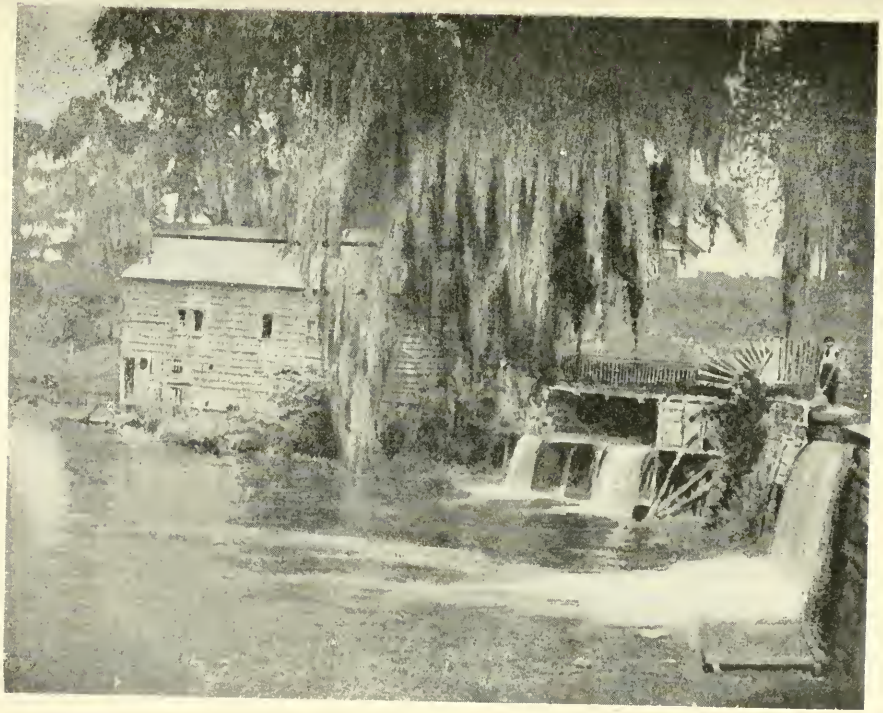
The mill is a little more than a rod south of the house. Its timbers are of unusually heavy hewn oak, and its roof is shaped like that of the house. The sides are shingled, not with such puny shingles as we have to-day, but mighty ones, made of cedar that has forgotten how to grow since then. A treasured specimen hangs over my table; it is carven with rain and warped by sun and wind, while the years have painted it to a gray that no other colorist

can match. Throughout its two feet of length are seams and fissures and cross cuts where the elements have fairly charred it. It tapers from a thickness of half an inch, at what was once the thin end, to a ragged paper-edge that will vibrate under a breath. Until very recently the old mill was covered with its fellows, all fastened to their places upon the oaken back strips by two and a half inch wrought nails.

At rear and front of the building are the old-fashioned, horizontally divided, Dutch doors. These, and the little windows with which both sides of the buildings are lavishly besprinkled, still swing upon hinges that would make the heart of an antiquary leap for joy.

In its day the old mill is said to have been a port of entry, and the vessels whose manifests were inspected there belonged for the most part to the dignified gentleman who sat in the seat of customs—at least, so tradition asserts. I have failed to find record of any other port of entry situated so far from the sea as this one was.

The millpond dam was a picturesque affair of great logs, propped by a small forest of



OLD SLEEPY HOLLOW MILL

lesser logs. A foot-bridge and hand-rail crossed the top. The height of the structure was probably about twenty feet, and below it was a deep pool, towards the lower end of which a wooden wharf received the cargoes of the vessels that entered there. These craft, some at least, proceeded past New York without dropping anchor, to and from the West Indies and even from Holland. They were queer tubs, smaller than we trust for ocean travel nowadays, but commanded by men very singular in build and costume, yet intrepid navigators; tars as adventurous as any the world has ever known. Probably the imports were of such a character as would shock good temperance people of to-day. In a report to the Crown, written August 6, 1691, and signed by Flypse and his associates, appears this paragraph: "New Yorke is the metropolis, is situate upon a barren island bounded by Hudson's River and the East River that runs into the sound and hath nothing to support it but trade which flows chiefly from flour and bread they make of the corn the west end of Long Island and Sopus produces, which is sent to the West

Indies and there is brought in return from thence a liquor called *Rumm*, the duty whereof *considerably increaséth your majesty's revenue.*" In the light of such a document we can easily understand how the old mill came to be a port of entry. That the officer who made such a report to the Crown should be comptroller of a port where his own ships unloaded, no doubt "mightily increased" his own revenue.

During the troublous times of which some mention has been already made, Lady Margareta died, and Flypse, with his usual decision and energy, looked about him straightway for another wife.

He found before long a worthy successor to Margarita, in Catharina, the daughter of old Oloffe Van Cortlandt and, therefore, the sister of his colleague, Stephanus Van Cortlandt.

The marriage took place soon, and Catharina Van Cortlandt, widow of John Dervall (who had had the kindness to leave her a large fortune) became Lady Catharina Philips of the Manor of Philipsburg. Singularly enough, this is the only Lady Philips that tradition recognizes.

This alliance made Flypse the richest man in the colony. While strengthening himself by this means, he was neither lax in business nor lazy in politics as his years and his influence grew together.

I have attempted to give in the foregoing pages a faint idea of the character of Flypse, or rather, to indicate the lines upon which a study of that strong personality may be pursued. It is a well-worn thought, yet I venture it again—that no man's greatness must be measured by the size of the world he lives in.

That Vredryk was a statesman, though living and laboring in a petty State, the inadequate record of his acts show. With strength of will, clear judgment, and ambition, he was, at the beginning of the eighteenth century the foremost man in what is now the Empire State. Although by nature and all his sympathies and circumstances the leader of the "patrician" party in the infant colony, he appears to have been the first American chosen by popular vote as a popular representative in the little city of his adoption. With his hands deep in every broth which his colleagues Bayard and Van

Cortlandt brewed; with his head teeming with wonderful and carefully devised schemes for exercising the power held nominally by the Governor of the colony, he yet managed to make so good a showing to the Crown that the seal of Whitehall was secured to endorse his acts.

Beginning life with the saw and hammer in his hands, he laid them down to commence the building of a fortune, which seemed to his associates colossal. Coveting an estate, he secured one of the fairest in the colony, where we may well believe his word was law.

One episode in the life of Flypse we must not omit to mention. As a merchant his vessels were, in common with all that sailed the seas at that day, subject to the dangers incident to an infant commerce. The greatest of these was that arising from piracy. Marauders of every grade preyed upon the vessels which crossed from the old world to the new. At last, upon the suggestion of Colonel Livingstone, of New York, William Kidd was commissioned to act as a sort of marine patrol, or constable whose duty it was to protect the merchantman.

The history of Captain Kidd's own career, his perversion to the lawless class he was sent to make war upon, and his subsequent capture and execution, are familiar to all.

But in the heat of political strife there were not found wanting those who noticed that the vessels of Flypse and his friends were not called upon to pay toll to the privateer. A whisper, which was not stilled for many years, coupled the names of Flypse and Bayard with that of the notorious pirate.

Was it from this source that that other legend arose in which a certain rock—still standing like a sentinel upon the river wall within rifle range of Flypse's Castle—gained the name (by which it is known to-day) of "Kidd's Rock?"

Flypse died in 1702. The son who ruled in his stead was Adolphus, his second born. Philip, the elder, married a lady from the Barbadoes and died young, leaving one son, who took his father's christened name. This Philip Philips was afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court. He had four children, to whom the estate of Philipsburg reverted, and out of whose

hands it passed at the time of the Revolution; for Frederick Philips, great grandson of the founder of the house, was as weak and vacillating a fellow as ever let a wealthy estate slip through his fingers. He first thought he favored the Continental cause, and then changed his mind and was sure he belonged to the Tory party. While he was making up his mind he was exiled to Connecticut on parole. First he thought he would keep his parole, and afterwards was induced to break it, and the result was that he was surprised into an activity that resulted in the confiscation of Philipsburg by New York.

But this did not occur for a long time. When Frederick the first died, his son Adolphus took charge of the baronial affairs. That he did so to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned is evident from a memorial of thanks presented by his tenants in 1716. It is worth publishing if only as an evidence of the amount of laudation that one fairly respectable man could stand in those days. It runs as follows :

"*Resolved*, That we take in hand and complete, in as far as possible, our resolution to

show the duty of thanks which we owe for the many mercies done to your servants our parents of blessed memory, but especially to us your present servants and women servants, from time to time by your Hon. Right Honorable Lord and father of blessed memory, as also from your honored mother of blessed memory, the Lady Margarita, as also by your Lord Father's last wedded wife, Lady Catharina, as also by your Honorable Right Honorable and Noble, very wise and provident, our Lordship the Lord Adolphus Philips, viz : for the many benefits done to us your faithful servants and women servants through various favorable means and good instructions —we therefore pray with all reverence that your honored Lordship will receive these our small thanks according to our small deserts, and we your honored and obedient servants will remain obligated and will ever be your honorable very obedient humble servants."

Imagine the feelings of the man who should receive to-day such an epistle as that, couched in the purest of low Dutch! A Hollandish pedagogue must have framed those sentences.

Cornelius was a bachelor. He was a man of talent and influence. His life was passed between his estate and the metropolis, where he filled the office of Assemblyman, and was, like his nephew Philip, a Judge of the Supreme Court. Indeed, Adolphus seemed to inherit not only a large portion of his father's wealth, but considerable of his character. He died in 1750, aged eighty-five years. In person he was tall and of commanding presence.

The member of all the Philips family to whom tradition points as an object of veneration is the stepmother, Catharina. She, too, had her memorial regularly recorded by the venerable Abraham de Revere, in which laudation chokes itself. Her name is first on the list of members of the church she possibly helped to build. Before it, is the preamble "First and before all." Her title was sometimes written, "The Right Honorable wise pious and very provident lady, widow of Lord Fredryk Flypse, who did here very praiseworthily advance the cause of religion."

So we see that while the lady was pious, wise, and very provident (charitable?), which

makes her a truly phenomenal woman, her lord is almost damned with faint praise. But apparently Catherina's distinguishing piety began with her widowhood. Certain it is, that both the husband and wife on state occasions graced with their presence the "thrones," cushioned and canopied, that flanked the old octagonal pulpit, there to be admired by the less comfortable, but no less contented tenants. And certain it is that both the Lord and his Lady lie in less dignified but no less solemn state beneath the church floor to-day.

We must not forget Flypse's daughters. Eva, his adopted child (according to Doctor Todd), married Cornelius Van Cortlandt, and that part of the estate where Yonkers now stands was given to her for a marriage portion; of one of her descendants we will have something further to say. The second daughter, Annetje, married Philip French. In 1702, Lord Cornbury was made Governor, and that same year French became Mayor. He married upon his appointment to office. It will be remembered that this same year, 1702, Vredryk Flypse died.

It is not altogether easy to dismiss the characters who moulded the thought and manners of many people, and who retained for nearly a century large political influence and power in what are now the counties of Westchester and New York.

The tenants of the Flypse estate were the ancestors of many of the people who are enjoying the nineteenth-century luxuries of lighting and locomotion with us to-day. We are wont to bestow our gratuitous pity upon the victim of saddle and sail-boat and monthly post-man, in the far-off days when wheat-fields waved from the manor-farm to the forest edge; when the red deer drank by the Pocantico, and the red men brought furs to trade for "rumm" at the mill; when from some urchin's pocket a chestnut was dropped among the corn rows, where now the great tree with its twenty feet girth lifts a coronal of plumes in the centre of the forty-acre lot; but have we more of life, of energy, of those experiences that go to make up our sum of pain and pleasure than they had?

When the property passed from the hands

of its original owners, one of the old-time guests who possibly looked back regretfully at the last pages of that chapter was George Washington. Tradition (the jade) tells how the father of his country courted Miss Philips before he met the admirable Mrs. Custis; and twenty years ago one could see the room in which he slept, with furniture (so they said) unchanged.

To some people who have been accustomed to regard the Flypse family as among the "Patroons," it will probably be a great disappointment to learn that they had no claim to that very Dutchest of titles, being lords by an English creation, and not through the favor of the States-General of Holland.

When after the Revolution the manor of Philipsburg was confiscated by the new government of New York, the lands becoming forfeit by the attainder of Sir Frederic Philips, last of his name, one of the principal grantees was a descendant from an ancient political adversary of Vredryk the first. This was Gerard G. Beekman. Years before, it will be remembered, Eva Philips married Cornelius Van

Cortlandt. Her granddaughter, or great-granddaughter, Cornelia Van Cortlandt, married Gerard Beekman, and so came back to the manor and house her ancestor founded.

At the beginning of its second chapter of history the old house had to undergo repairs and alterations. A north end was added, bearing much resemblance—externally—to the old part, but not so solidly built. Within, the difference in ceiling, doors, and mantels are marked. At the same time a front office was added to the mill, and that part is now greatly damaged by time. The moral of this seems to be that a house built by a carpenter has the odds in its favor.

The generation that came in with the Revolution passed away—all but old Mrs. Beekman —who had been Miss Van Cortlandt. She lived on and on past her generation, known and loved as a Lady Bountiful, the good genius of the neighborhood, and died not so long ago but that many people still remember her. She used to tell how during the war of Independence she had lain awake all one night in the old manor-house, listening to the rumble

and grumble of the Continental Army as it passed. Commenting upon this story, one to whom she had told it said in after years that he did not understand how she came to be in that house at the time, when it was Philips's property. Her relation to the Philips family will explain that fully.

Before Mrs. Beekman's death (she lived to be nearly a hundred) the broad acres of the estate had been cut down and a host of strangers had crowded into the town, lured by the railroad that crossed the mouth of the pleasant bay, and has since destroyed it entirely by cutting off the river connection.

After a while the house passed from the Beekman's hands. Mr. Foote at one time occupied it and Captain Jacob Storm, who was a descendant of one of the old settlers. It became the property of the late Ambrose Kingsland, who bought it because he had an estate adjoining, and who "*improved*" it almost past recognition. One of the family removed the machinery of the old mill; another clapboarded the sides of the house, not liking the looks of the stone walls, and made other additions and

alterations. There are now, I think, only two old mantels left of the several that I can remember, and these are in the modern, or Beekman, part of the house. Some new doors, a row of dormer windows in the roof, and a balcony and piazza are also of a modern date; while a west addition completely hides the port-holes where the howitzers protruded from their lair in the cellar. Still in the southwest corner of the mill a number of small holes seem to show where a load of shot at some time missed a probable designation on the creek.

The big chimney on the west side gave place to a smaller one in the centre, and its Holland bricks are now lining part of a more modern house in the village. Verily, the old house has been changed, but its walls and roof retain their integrity!

I hardly know how to classify, or where to mention, the many odds and ends that seem only so many component parts of a historic rubbish-heap, a curious jumble of lonely and non-assorted legends and relics that are like the scraps and the drift that the wash of years has deposited as tidemarks in the old mill.

There, lying among shavings of more modern pine, one may come across a piece of leather belting and cups of the elevator still hanging therefrom, marking a comparatively recent date in grain milling, and find still lower down a bit of century-carved oak, or a bolt that was driven when New York was still the far west. So, like witnesses of old-time lawsuits, or like the memories of old men touching themes that our cyclopædias have forgotten to mention, there comes a rabble of hints and many perplexing half-lights insisting upon our recognition of them. What shall we do with them? Where place the date of the vessel that foundered by the mill, whose last rib alone marked the place of her resting when we were boys? How tell the story of the old bones that a frightened tenant found in the cellar corner of the manor-house—and left there? What is there of story connected with the spurs that were found in the same uncanny corner; did they belong to the bones? Were the remains really human, of foe, or slave, or lost traveller, of colonial or revolutionary date; or did some cellar-housed watch-dog leave his larder there?

What shall we say of the little scales that have presumably descended from Vredryk Flypse, and which, up to the time of his death, were in the possession of Mr. Jas. S. See, of North Tarrytown? If they would tell us whether they gave good weight or not we might have something of a clue to the hand that first held them. When the last resident Philips collected his last rents he left the little gold scales at the house of Mr. See's ancestor, where they remained for more than a century. They are now treasured by Mrs. James Hawes. another descent of that old time tenant.

In the old church is an old oak bier—who lay upon it first? Whose ghostly hand is it that rattles the door of the south parlor of the old house when no one can be seen there? These are questions that the historian who picks them up must drop as he drops the piece of leather belting or the wrought bolt back to their rubbish-heap again. Someone else may find in any one of them the clue to a mystery, or the hinge for a tragedy to turn upon. A few years more, and probably the old mill would have dropped to ruin for want of care,

but for repairs completed at the time of this writing. A flood several years ago did damage. Some leaks in the roof made more mischief than a century of storm beating could have done, and the willows that folded the creases of their mighty trunks about its eaves tried for a share in the conclusion. And the inevitable downfall has only been postponed. We have little regard for anything the value of which is based upon sentiment only. A few years, at most, and some factory or dwelling must take its place, while men of an antiquarian turn of mind dispute about the site of this ancient port. Then, in some still, moonlit midnight, we can fancy that the old-time worthies will steal across from their encampment on the hillside opposite, and grieve because they cannot find in the great house, wooden-cased and land-girt as it is, any trace of Flypse—his Castle.

> Right well I wote, most mighty soveraine
> That all this famous antique history
> Of some the abundance of an ydle braine
> Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
> Rather than matter of iust memorie ;

Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy land of Faerie,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities which no body can know.

—Spenser's *Faery Queen*.

III

THE STORY OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH

THE story of the old Dutch church is one which the sensitive historian commences with caution and misgiving, since an antiquity of only two centuries has already hidden the end of its perspective in a mist through which nothing very definite can be seen ; but as men are more apt to do battle for their opinions than for the matters that they know beyond peradventure, it is impossible to hazard a conjecture upon the date of the erection of the church without being halted and belabored by the clubs of a score of antiquaries.

Near Flypse's castle, hard by the millpond, between the Pocantico and the graveyard, Vredryk Flypse and one, or both, of his wives built a sturdy stone church with gambrel roof and an octagonal rear. Surmounting the front a

belfry, quaintly misfitting the structure below it, pointed its dumpy spire heavenward with a sturdy consistency that was as uncompromisingly Hollandish as the sermons that the Dominie droned from the bell-flower pulpit to the drowsy farmers of Philipsburg.

When the church was new there were seven windows where there are now but six, and a door on the south side instead of at the west, as at present. The walls were thirty inches in thickness, and the sills of the windows more than seven feet above the floor, so that the savage foemen who lurked in the woods could not look in upon the little congregation. Iron bars traversing these openings gave still greater security to the building which could in time of danger have been converted into a fortress, impregnable against any weapons or engine that the Indians could produce. Between the door and the middle south window, outside, a bench used to stand, and there the old folks rested while waiting for the dominie's appearance; for it was long a custom to follow the black gown into church as a flock of sheep follow the bellwether.

The interior of the church showed evidence of taste and skill; but its furniture testified without equivocation to the recognition of class distinctions even under the shadow of the pulpit. The dominie, from that ornate octagonal perch, with the pendant hexagon of mahogany that hung over him like an extinguisher, giving emphasis to his sonorous periods, expounded the word of God as endorsed and interpreted by the Synod of Dortrecht. Before him sat a congregation of solidly constructed Dutchmen, whose anatomy could stand the strain of a long service while seated on backless benches of unyielding oak. The farmer who tilled his acres or cut his wood lot in Sleepy Hollow was not carried to the skies on beds of flowery ease, by any means; but his lord, who, in the divine ordination of degrees, had been made to enjoy all the softer delights of life, was edified while reposing in a cushioned and canopied "throne." Such luxurious boxes, somewhat resembling those of a modern theatre, were arranged for the lord of the manor and his family at the minister's right and left.

The humble retainers, slaves, and redemptioners, sat in the gallery with the boys and the singers, and a precentor to keep them all in order. From the top of the walls great oak beams crossed the church, and above these extended an arched ceiling of whitewashed oak, from the west end of which the lower part of the belfry intruded like a great white box set against the wall. The belfry-box had a ladder leading to it from the gallery, and a round window from which the bellringer could see when the dominie was in the pulpit.

Nowhere was the local color of Philipsburg more strongly brought out than at the church. The character of the peaceful community of Philipsburg must have been for a while something between Acadia and Eden, with a dash of Holland to flavor it. The people gathered about their head for council and for protection as in some earlier patriarchal government, but there was no overstepping the bounds of caste ; men had not yet begun to be born free and equal. But something more nearly approaching equality obtained on the Sabbath day at the church. Doubtless there were great and

influential sinners, and miserable sinners, even as there are big fish and little fish, and the salvation of the proprietor was a very different matter from the salvation of a tenant; but still, when they were all gathered at the manor church on a Sunday, while Dominie Ritzemer, or Dominie Mutzelius, dealt faithfully with their souls, there must have been at least the semblance of a fellow-feeling.

There came Flypse with his family and guests, gorgeously arrayed in purple and fine linen. The women wore splendid stomachers, laced and pearl trimmed, with short gowns of rich brocade or stiff silk, quilted and padded, and cut short to show the neat ankles in their red, clocked stockings. The men flourished in long-skirted blue coats, with buttons of silver and gold, over silken small-clothes and hose. Their tie wigs, and their buckles, showed that neither head nor feet were considered beyond the pale of adornment. The children were miniature parodies on their elders; and the dominie, who belonged to the upper ten, appeared in his suit of respectable black. Next were the farmers, dressed in home-spun, linsey-

woolsey, and all manner of durable stuffs, the girls trying humbly to imitate the splendors of the great dames. After the farmer folk came the negro slaves and the poorer white hangers-on of the place and the few aboriginal land-holders who lingered as paupers where their sires had lorded it once.

A well-known character of those days was old Wolfert Ecker, who was the builder and proprietor of the "Wolfert's Roost," which Washington Irving has made familiar to all the world, as Sunnyside. Wolfert Ecker was a man to be trusted both by his neighbors and his landlord, and his name appears third on the list of elders of the church. He was elected to that office in 1698, a year before the building was completed, if we are to take the word of several clerical authorities.

With this mention of Ecker and the date of his election the unhappy historian brings the hornets about his head, for the antiquary who believes that 1699 was the true date of erection, as placarded on the front of the church, is immediately up in arms against his brother-antiquary who holds that the Wolfert Ecker

election in 1698 casts a doubt upon it. I may as well, having made this plunge, do a little splashing in these vexed waters. First, the date on the tablet in the front or west wall of the church states that the building was erected in 1699 by Frederick Philips and Katrina Van Courtlandt. This statement, which, so far as I can discover, is entirely unsupported by a shadow of other testimony, is inscribed in English, a language not used in the church till some time subsequent to the war for Independence. The character of the letters is one comparatively recent, and there is every probability that the tablet was put up at the time of the repairs in 1837; that is to say, nearly a century and a half after the church was built. Certainly this tablet does not afford very strong or convincing evidence.

On the other hand, the date on the bell is 1685. This bell was not one which would be likely to be picked up in stock in a foundry or a store. It is of fine workmanship, and is ornamented with a pattern in relief and the raised motto, "*Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos.*" In the will of Katrina, the second wife

of Lord Filipse, that good lady refers to "The church which my husband, the late Lord, etc., built."

The first minister of whom we have record was called to the Dutch Church of Philipsburg in 1697; this is, of course, suggestive. But perhaps one of the strongest arguments that can be offered by those whose happiness depends upon adding a few years to the antiquity of this church is found in the character of the people. Though not fanatical, the Dutchmen were great church-goers, and it seems improbable that the rich proprietor, surrounded by a rapidly growing tenantry, having built for himself a house which won the denomination of "Castle," and a mill that has survived even the inattention of its owners for two centuries, should have waited fifteen years or more before building a church. There is no reason to suppose that any great delay was made in building it, except an incongruous tablet erected about 1837 by some people who about the same time proved their stupidity by turning the rare old inlaid black-oak communion-table out of the church and afterwards selling

it to Judge Constant for twenty-five dollars. By the way, this table, which, with the silver communion-service and baptismal-bowl, were the gift to the church of the first lord of the manor and his last wife, are now in use in the First Reformed Church, which is the daughter of the old Dutch church. The table was returned to the church, and now bears a silver plate with an inscription stating that it was the gift of James K. Paulding.

Beyond the Rev. William Bartholf, first stated minister of God's Word in the manor of Philipsburg, there is a mist, if not of antiquity, at least of real ignorance. If any one preached to this people, married them, christened their babies and buried their dead (and we suppose that someone must have done some of these things which even savages do not fail entirely to celebrate), neither history nor tradition has made a note of it.

In the year 1697, according to the records begun by Abraham de Revere in 1715, an invitation was given to, and accepted by, "the very learned and pious Guillaume Bartholf, minister at Hackensack and Hagquackenon,

to preach for them and administer the sacraments three or four times in the year; and the continuance of these ordinances until the 2d of November, 1715; also the payment of the minister for these services; and of Mr. Van Houten, who carried him on those long journeys from and to his home in Hakinsack."

Mr. Bartholf was an American by birth, who had been educated for the ministry in Holland and returned to his native land to labor in what would now be considered a home missionary field. His successor was Frederick Mutzelius.

Johannes Ritzemer was the next preacher. It is not known at what date he commenced to minister to the people. He was a man of exceptional ability, it is said, having been honored with positions of trust in the church. Educated in Holland, he labored in New York City from 1744 to 1784. In 1755, he was pastor of Harlem, Philipsburg, Fordham, and Courtlandt. He continued to fill the pulpit of the old church, at how frequent intervals we do not know, till the Revolution. In 1717, the con-

gregations of Courtlandt and Philipsburg had united to support the religious services in the latter place.

With the new era after the Revolution came the Rev. Stephen Van Voorhees, who was identified with the new movement by which the Dutch Church in America finally separated itself from its parent in Holland. Mr. Van Voorhees was the first candidate licensed by the independent American Synod in 1772. During the struggle for independence the church at Tarrytown had been frequently, if not entirely, closed. The weddings waited, and the babies were unbaptized, and the converts unwelcomed; this we gather from the records. After that memorable struggle the little handful who survived resumed their church-going habits and began by renovating the house, which had fallen somewhat in need of repair. In the first enthusiasm of victorious republicanism they attacked the "Thrones" of the Lord and Lady of Philipsburg, and tore down the hangings of silk and the luxurious seats, substituting boxes for the elders and deacons. "No more Lords and Kings," they cried.

But under this rampant radicalism still slumbered Dutch conservatism. They had reached the limit of innovation when they established backs for benches that had hitherto been backless; comfortless oak boards supported on stanchions so placed that it only needed a heavy weight at the end to convert one into a perilous *ballista*. Reform had gone as far as decency permitted; any one who should propose more was a dangerous radical.

The offender was the Rev. Stephen Van Voorhees. After they had secured his services, the worshippers in the old church began to suspect that he was liable to explode, and they watched him jealously. He was a new-party man and they belonged—the more they thought it over the more they were sure they belonged—to the old party. Revolutions would do well enough in State, but in Church they would have none of them.

Now, let us picture a scene in the year 1785 or 1786. On the benches under the church windows the old cronies sit and gossip in the sun. A group of hardy men—men who have had experiences ranging from the Sugar House

to Yorktown—loiter near the door, where a retinue of small boys mimic their attitudes in worshipful silence and gravity, cocking one foot over the other and expectorating mightily, while they listen to what these great men have to say, belonging, as they do, to the original guild of hero-worshippers. Along the road come young men and maidens, without prudery or affectation, carrying their Sunday shoes in their hands. They stop at the Pocantico and, having washed their dusty feet and put on their shoes, ascend the bank painfully to join their elders.

Finally the dominie appears and saluting gravely to right and left, he leads the way into the church ; the congregation, with much rustling and squeaking and stumbling in the unaccustomed shoes, are settled in their accustomed places. The choir has scrambled up the gallery stairs and the service begins. Several of the people, mothers in Israel especially, turn their heads towards the door now and then to scrutinize a little group of late comers. There is Solomon Hawes with Lovine Hammon, his wife (she is of the family of General James

Hammon, or Hammond), and their infant, with one or two others.

After the prayer the dominie breaks an expectant hush with the customary formula, inviting those parents who have children to be baptized to present them and Solomon Hawes and his little family gather about the altar. Heretofore, there has been nothing strange, but as the clergyman takes the infant out of her father's arms and proceeds, "Lovinia, I baptise thee," etc., a thrill of something deeper than surprise goes over the congregation.

St. Nicholas defend us, and the States General of Holland and the Synod of Dortrecht and all other things Dutch defend us. He is baptizing little Lovine Hawes in *English*.

The offense was one which the people did not easily forgive. The first plunge is usually remembered, and, although English gradually superseded Dutch in the services of the Church, Mr. Van Voorhees was not popular in Philipsburg. He also began to keep the church records in English, thus turning the weapon in the wound. His term was short.

Mr. Van Voorhees lived on the north side

of Main Street at its intersection with Broadway.

Following Mr. Van Voorhees came Rev. John F. Jackson, who preached at Tarrytown and Harlem, beginning in the fall of 1791 and continuing till 1806. He died pastor at Fordham thirty years later. He was a man of strong physique and strong mind, who became locally celebrated both as a martyr and a prophet, in consequence of a scandal which arose during his pastorate at Greenburg. From 1812 till 1820 he had kept this church full to overflowing, and his popularity seemed to be great till, in the latter year, he was arrested on a charge preferred maliciously by some of his people. Having been tried and acquitted, he returned to the church to preach his last discourse, using as a text the words, "Your house shall be left unto you desolate." Within a very few years the congregation had dwindled to nothing, and the house was closed.

Of all the dominies Mr. Smith seems to have afforded the largest fund of anecdote to the antiquary. His eloquence and geniality made him popular even while his eccentric habits ex-

posed him to criticism. With a carelessness that amounted to slovenliness in his personal habits, he exhibited a degree of energy and zeal in his professional work that silenced his critics. Mr. Smith organized the church at Unionville; built up the church at White Plains largely by his own efforts; preached in private houses at Dobbs Ferry till a public house of worship was erected there; and drew hearers for miles around when he filled the pulpit at Philipsburg.

Tradition does not leave us in doubt as to the figure that he cut in that pulpit, when, having regaled himself from his ample mull at the end of the hymn before the sermon he trumpeted vigorously throughout the collection and rose to his discourse with the unmolested snuff in driblets staining the front of his not otherwise immaculate waistcoat.

But when he preached, as his eloquence began to thrill his hearers, his own personality seemed to change, and those who listened to him could not remember that he was "slovenly in dress and careless in manners."

It sometimes happens that at harvest time,

when a farmer congregation is worked to the limit of its physical endurance, its members find it impossible to keep their eyes open at church for the length of a sermon, though it should happen to be delivered with all the eloquence of a Beecher or a Smith. An anecdote, sometimes related of other ministers, but original, I believe, with Dominie Smith, is to the effect that upon one such occasion of general somnolence he startled his sleeping flock by a cry of "Fire! Fire!" There was instant consternation in the church. Women screamed and men scrambled to their feet.

"Where? where?" was the excited outcry. The dominie regarded his awakened people sternly for a moment, and then with the mien and accent of delegated authority he thundered:

"In hell! for such sleepy Christians as you are."

Less was thought at that day of excess in the use of alcoholic stimulants than now, yet there has been no whisper of undue indulgence on the part of the popular, careless, convivial pastor, though when a parishioner paid his re-

spects at the manse, the bottle of Jamaica rum was always forthcoming. It is thought that the dominie's wife might have driven a man of less pliant temper to drink; for if ever a Xantippe lived in these latter centuries to harass a philosophical husband, Dame Smith was that woman. On one occasion, having some difference of opinion either with her careless lord or his elders, it does not appear which, she locked him securely in his study before church and left it to the distressed consistory to discover and liberate him long after the hour for the commencement of the services. Another prank of peculiarly feminine ingenuity consisted in bringing a pillow to church and ostentatiously settling herself for a nap during the sermon. A peculiarly scandalous exhibition of emotional insanity or general cussedness, or whatever it was that ailed her, was in driving the minister's horse at breakneck speed up and down in front of the church while the worshippers within were no doubt casting sidelong glances through the door, and wondering whether the quiver of lightnings was empty.

As we remember these things we begin to forgive the dominie his use of tobacco in every form, and his careless personal attire, his frayed wristbands and rumpled stock and soiled waistcoat. We plead extenuating circumstances when his general slouchiness is mentioned. Perhaps Brummel would have been a slouch if he had been wedded to Xantippe.

Dominie Smith's body lies at the rear of the church where he labored, and the people who laid him there remembered only that he was their faithful and much loved pastor.

When the Rev. George Du Bois came to Tarrytown it was to gain rest after eighteen years of sermon-writing and pastoral work in a city parish. He officiated at the old Franklin Street Church in New York City. The call to the Reformed Dutch Church of Tarrytown was accompanied with a promise that a new church edifice should be built. In 1837–38 $2032.86 was paid for repairs on the old church, and between $6000 and $7000 expended upon the South Church and parsonage. Mr. William Landrine was one of the prominent parishioners at that time, and by his per-

sonal efforts raised $761.75 out of the $2032.86 required for repairing the old church. Mr. Smith had received but $300 per annum for his services. This salary was raised to $700 for Mr. Du Bois, whose labors included a service in the old church in the morning and in the South Church in the evening. At this time the Sunday-school of the old church used to meet comfortably in the gallery. In 1844, Mr. Du Bois followed his predecessor, and was buried in the old churchyard.

In 1845, Joseph Wilson came and filled the joint pulpits till 1849, when he was succeeded by John Mason Ferris, who, in three or four months after settlement, refused to preach at all in the old church, and confined his ministrations to the South Church. This move necessitated the employment of an assistant, at an expense partly met by Mr. Ferris, and for a year the Rev. John W. Schenck filled that position, but was never installed.

With the division of the church into two congregations, worshipping in separate buildings, for that was necessarily the outcome of the erection of the South Church, there came

in a short time a complete separation of interests which led to divorce. The division of church property followed. The North Church, or old organization, retained the old building, graveyard, name, seal, records, and plate; and the South Church assumed a debt of $1000 and gave to the North Church $2000. All other realty was released to the South Church. Church Street, south of the Benedict property, owes its name to having been built upon a portion of this estate.

It was to the pastorate of over sixty families and one hundred and fifty members that remained to the old church after the division that the Rev. Abel T. Stewart was called in 1852. It was during his ministry that the removal was made by the congregation from the old building to the "new" one it at present occupies.

But before Mr. Stewart came the Rev. William Brush was called. According to the chronicler, "He came, saw the state of things, and in three months resigned without being installed."

A man of more than ordinary strength was

the Rev. Abel T. Stewart; the last preacher at the Old Dutch Church. Of his clerical labors I shall not speak here, except to say that he was an earnest if not pre-eminently an eloquent preacher. To the man, outside of his pulpit, a tribute of admiration may justly be paid. Those who only knew him casually—the later comers to the town—remember a somewhat serious divine, whose courage, impetuosity, and natural humor were repressed by his sense of what was due to his sacred calling; but the men who grew up under his care, the members of his Sabbath-school at an earlier day, recall incidents that show him to have been an example of what modern slang calls "muscular Christianity."

He was an enthusiastic follower of Isaac Walton's gentle craft, angling for trout in the Gebney brook and the Carl brook and down the Pocantico at a day when *Salmo Fontinalis* was not a rarity in the neighboring streams. Mr. Amada Bryant is one of those who recollect how the "domine" used to get the cream of the spring angling, appearing frequently with a full creel when some of his less fortunate

parishioners were laboriously whipping the stream over which he had gone. No matter how early in the morning one started, he was apt to prove himself, for that occasion, as unlucky a fisherman as Simon Peter, if it chanced that Mr. Stewart had selected the same day and the same stream for his fishing.

Members of Mr. Stewart's Bible-class have told how the athletic pastor excelled in jumping, running, and throwing quoits. A famous jump, by which he cleared the body of a farm wagon, in a line over the high rear wheels, was long the admiration of the youth of the neighborhood. Well-knit, tall, and muscular, he was the ideal of an athlete in his younger days, recalling vividly Lowell's line :

"He was six foot of man, A 1, clean grit and human natur'."

On one occasion when the Sunday-school children were proceeding on foot along the railroad track to a place selected for the annual picnic, the entire company, scholars and teachers alike, were panic-stricken at the near approach of a train. The road was then a

single track, and at that point occupied the crest of an embankment, on each side of which the ground sloped precipitously. The one person who did not lose his head was the minister. Putting his long, athletic legs and arms in motion, he rushed like an animated windmill through that little crowd of juvenile humanity and cleared the track effectually, rolling his charges right and left down the slope. I give this story as I got it from several reputable witnesses, though I confess I never could quite understand how he did it.

There was an incident in Abel T. Stewart's life which entitles him to be ranked among the heroes. When, during the troublous times of the Civil War, the terrible outbreak which we speak of with a shudder as "the '63 riots," taxed the strength of New York's defenders to the utmost, a band of several hundred rioters was reported to be on the road to Tarrytown. There was consternation in every home. Word came from unquestioned sources that the torch was to be applied to Tarrytown, and men armed themselves and secured the defences to their houses as well as they were

able to do. Over the hills a long line of negroes fled to the woods to escape a threatened massacre. I am not now speaking from hearsay. I saw this.

The rioters were within a short distance of the town, and no man in the community dared put himself in their way till Abel T. Stewart, minister of God's Word, accompanied by one faithful companion, Captain Oscar Jones, a soldier home on furlough, marched out with splendid audacity to meet them. There were, indeed, several citizens who would have gone but were providentially detained by appointments and other devices of a faint heart, long before the enemy came in sight. Mr. Stewart and his one companion did not dream of turning back. The chances were overwhelmingly against them; neither they nor any of their townspeople could have reasonably expected that they would return alive; and yet the man of peace and the soldier just returned from the front went on their way as quietly as they would have gone to church. Nowhere is there a record of a braver forlorn hope.

Mr. Stewart met the rioters and reasoned

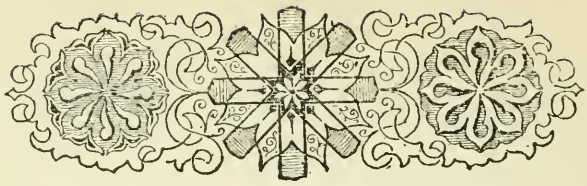
with them. He told them that their reception would be warm; that a gunboat, which had just arrived in the river, would shell the houses of their sympathizers without mercy if they persisted; he used cogent reasoning, convincing even to such a bloodthirsty mob of anarchists; and in the end he succeeded in turning them back. Then he went quietly home and began to write his sermon or do whatever duty lay nearest.

You imagine no doubt that the people at least thanked this man who had offered his life as a buffer between them and mob violence? No. They discovered, from the narrative of his companion, that Mr. Stewart, in addressing the rioters, had called them, "My friends," and their indignation ran so high (remember the partisan prejudice of war times and try to forgive them) that they could see no bravery nor goodness in this man. He was a Democrat; as such doubtless a secessionist, and therefore, of course, a friend of the rioters: ergo, there was no possible danger to him in facing them.

The world is full of people who have missed

their opportunities; a class of people whose number was greatly added to when the population of Tarrytown neglected to recognize and to honor A. T. Stewart, whose story, I think, has never before been told in print. There is only a line to add. Partisan animosity and misunderstanding were so strong that the usefulness of the minister of the First Reformed Church was greatly curtailed, and at last it seemed wiser for him to seek new fields of usefulness, and to labor in some town that he had never saved.

With the close of Mr. Stewart's ministry in 1866, properly closes the history of the Old Dutch Church as a place of worship. Though it is opened on Sunday afternoons in summer for service, and many eloquent men have spoken from its quaint pulpit, yet its value is rather as a relic than a house of worship today. The effort which is at present being made to repair and preserve it is the result of a strong and worthy popular sentiment.



IV

SUNNYSIDE

THE home of Wolfert Ecker, one of the early officers of the Old Dutch Church, has been celebrated under the title of Wolfert's Roost. At the time of the Revolution its tenant was Jacob Van Tassel, the hero of the "goose gun," whose well-known patriotism attracted men of the same stripe from Tarrytown, Sleepy Hollow, and Petticoat Lane; so that his house became a rallying point for half the hot-headed youth of the country side.

The property, held before the war as part of the manorial right of the Philipse estate by the tenant, was conveyed afterwards to Van Tassel under the act of forfeiture.

In March, 1802, Jacob Van Tassel sold the property to Oliver Ferris, whose grandson, Benson Ferris, is the President of the Westches-

"SUNNYSIDE"

ter County Savings Bank. Benson Ferris the first, the father of the present bearer of the name, married a lineal descendant of Wolffert Ecker.

In Washington Irving's youth, while a guest at the Paulding house, (now destroyed), he frequently rowed a boat to the willows that overhung the little brook that runs through the Sunnyside glen, and read or dreamed away long summer afternoons in the shade of its elms. A deep satisfaction with a spot that seemed so thoroughly in accord with his own gentle, retiring, and contemplative disposition, gained so firm a hold upon the imagination of the future author, that in all his wanderings through England and the Continent of Europe, he never forgot the little house with its sun-flecked lawn reaching down to the river; nor the quality of its beauty.

In 1835, finding himself again in America and somewhat improved in worldly fortune, Mr. Irving visited the familiar place and purchased it. At that time he told Mrs. Ferris that he had resolved, years before, that if he ever owned a piece of ground that he could call home, it would be there. It is pleasant to

think that the welcome guest in London and Paris, the courtly minister in Madrid, always cherished in his heart the picture of a little bit of his own land; and that after years of exile he could enjoy the fulfilment of his dream.

The rebuilding of Sunnyside, as he named the house, and the elaboration of quaint conceits in its architecture and adornment, afforded Mr. Irving some of the happiest hours of his life. From the simple and rather featureless American cottage of that day the building was developed into a very Dutch country-seat, unique among the many charming homes on the river banks. It remains in the possession of a member of the Irving family.

Washington Irving's social life in the neighborhood he had chosen was ideally delightful to a man of his temperament. The quiet round of country pleasures, long rambles, rides to the village or to a neighbor's, explorations and discoveries in Sleepy Hollow, and long exciting quests after a character or a legend, were alternated with congenial social intercourse, and seasons of studious labor in his comfortable library.

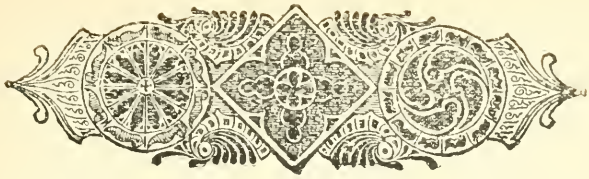
Mr. Irving's life in Tarrytown was that of a citizen who took pleasure in identifying himself with the interests of his neighborhood. In Christ Church, which he attended regularly, he was a warden. His simple, unaffected courtesy made him a welcome guest, not only in the parlors of wealthy and influential people, but in the homes of many of his humbler neighbors. It pleased him to stop for a chat at this or that door-yard gate; and not a child could pass without his kindly notice. The influence which has spread like a charm from Sunnyside has been that of its master's personality more than of his genius.

Among a coterie of cultivated people who enjoyed the gentle humorist's friendship was General James Watson Webb, the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, who lived at Pokahoe, an estate on Broadway north of the village. This place was afterwards the home of the "Pathfinder," General Fremont, and is now owned by Mrs. Monroe. The late Mr. George D. Morgan was one of Mr. Irving's intimates, and was present at his death. Another of those who enjoyed his friendship was his near

neighbor, Mr. Edward S. Jaffray, between whose household and that of Sunnyside delightfully cordial relations existed. Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, who married Mr. Irving's niece ; James H. Banker; William Hoge and Henry Holdredge were also among the well-known men who were in almost daily association with the master of Sunnyside.

It was at this quaint Dutch cottage that the *Life of Washington* was written ; here Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of France, called to pay his respects; and here the fine, sweet spirit of Irving passed on November 28, 1859.

The ivy which overruns Sunnyside is as green as the fame and memory of Irving. He brought it from Melrose in Scotland, and planted it by the wall of his home by the Hudson.



V

THE NEUTRAL GROUND

"NO part of the country was so harried," says Irving, "by friend and foe alike," as this neighborhood. When the war for Independence was declared, a dozen families where the village of Tarrytown now is, and perhaps as many more scattered through Sleepy Hollow and over towards the Sawmill River, comprised all that we can reckon of the population. The majority of the men were farmers, who knew how to handle a gun, who could stalk a deer, or encounter a bear with skill and courage. Such people, abandoned by the necessities of war to the tender mercies of marauders and stock thieves, were not long in devising ways to defend themselves. A sort of home guard, in which it is said that women as well as men did duty, was organized to picket the highway,

and check the raids of cowboys and skinners. Some joined the band which, under the leadership of Van Courtlandt, at Croton, patrolled the river in whale-boats, and were a serious source of annoyance to the British men-of-war and transports.

Depleted granaries and empty smoke-houses brought the people often to the verge of starvation, and they deteriorated from a prosperous little community, in which, while no one except the manor-lord was very rich, neither was any one very poor, to a wretched handful of hungry outcasts, holding their inch of ground by force of cunning and skill. During the years of the war the church was empty and unopened for service; the faint tinkle of its bell never called the congregation to worship. There was no school open, and the boy who was growing up in those years of conflict knew more of hare-brained adventures and hair-breadth escapes than of figures; while the only part of speech in which he became proficient was the adjective, caught in its redundant variety from the passing trooper.

With the closing of the church and the ab-

sence of any minister, such familiar rites as baptism, marriage, and burial were attended to not at all, or, at best, in a lame, lay fashion. The infants born during the war were presented for baptism at a convenient season after the restoration of peace; but whether the same facilities were extended to marriage nobody now knows.

The last lord of the manor had "retired" from his estates, which were afterwards confiscated by the Government and sold or granted to other aspirants. There seems to have been some sort of occupation of the old house during part of the war time at least, for there are those now living who can remember hearing "Grandma" Beekman tell how she once lay sleepless in one of its rooms, and heard all night the rumble of the artillery and the tramp of men and of horses when Washington passed this way to unite with the Frenchmen in an advance upon New York. On this memorable occasion, according to General Washington's diary, he halted for rest at the Old Dutch Church, which is opposite the manor-house grounds.

Many of the young men joined themselves to the American side, and suffered wounds and death for the cause of liberty. Several knew the inside of the fatal prison-ships, where men went mad from starvation and filth and confinement; and death was the only merciful attendant.

There was not much law or order. Such as there was was of a military stamp. Colonel Hammon—or Hammond—was a leading spirit, organizing and executing with half the roystering blades of the countryside at his back.

Van Tassels, Van Warts, Sees, Requas, Martlings, Couenhovens, Deans, and others whose descendants are still living in the neighborhood, became locally celebrated, during the dark days of the war, for personal courage. Indeed, if the statement made by Bolton and others is nearly accurate, that there were about a dozen houses in Tarrytown at the close of the war for Independence, then we must wonder that so small a settlement could produce so large a number of heroes.

To give some clear idea of the activity of this very little hamlet, which seemed to swarm

like a hornet's nest whenever molested by an invader, a chronological list of the leading events which occurred here between 1776 and 1782 has been prepared. It will be noticed that the *rôles* enacted upon this little stage were usually filled by local talent.

On Saturday, July 13, 1776, George Comb, Joseph Young, James Hammond, and others, constituting the Committee of Safety at White Plains, sent a letter to General Washington, informing him that frigates belonging to the British had, with several tenders, arrived at Tarrytown. The report added that powder and ball had been sent to that place, and allusion was made to public stores there. The war-ships, *Phœnix* and *Rose*, were in the Tappan Zee, we learn from other authority, on the 14th and 15th of July, and General Hammond wrote a letter announcing their departure on the 26th. Bolton cites the original letters. Washington Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, states that Pierre Van Courtlandt organized his famous River Guards and sent them out that year. The loyalty and activity of the yeomen of the neighborhood made them valu-

able recruits, and their knowledge of the various hiding-places along the shore, in the bays and coves, enabled them to be peculiarly harassing to the British. The men, untrained to war, soon found as much delight in banging at the enemy's frigates as they had previously enjoyed in winging duck or bagging pigeons. Their flotilla consisted of whale boats that found snug hiding in the "*Hafenje*" or the "*Slapering Hafen.*" A patrol, which tradition says was composed of all brave people, no distinctions of sex or color, kept the roads, and the coming of the enemy's fleet was heralded by beacon-fires that blazed from Kaakiat, and were reflected along the crests of the Greenburg hills.

There was a convention held at White Plains in July, 1776. During that month and the succeeding one, General Putnam tried to obstruct the Hudson where it is narrower, below the Tappan Zee, by sinking vessels there, and placing chains and *chevaux de frise* to prevent the escape of the war-ships that had gone up the Hudson. On the 18th of August, fire-ships ascended the river for the purpose of destroying

the enemy's vessels in the Tappan Zee. They were partly successful, as they burned one of the tenders and frightened away the ships. In Irving's *Life of Washington* special mention is made of this encounter.

On the 9th of October of the same year, the British vessels, *Phœnix*, *Roebuck*, and *Tartar* sailed up the Hudson. When opposite Tarrytown, the watchful inhabitants of the place sent a post to Peter R. Livingstone, President of the Provincial Congress, at Fishkill.

On the authority of Heath's *Memoirs*, we learn that in January, 1777, General Washington made a movement of the militia and volunteers under General Heath from Peekskill towards New York, in order to draw the enemy from New Jersey. General Lincoln's division, several thousand strong, marched to Tarrytown on the 14th of January, and encamped here till the 17th, when they proceeded towards Kingsbridge.

In March, 1777, the British force which was unsuccessful in its attack upon Peekskill, upon being driven off from that village made for Tarrytown, with the avowed intention of de-

stroying the stores at Wright's Mill. This was possibly the time that the Water Guard, having built a lunette, or redoubt, at the foot of Church Street (which is the street which runs west to the river from Broadway opposite Major Hopkin's, formerly Robert Hoe's, place) fired upon the *Vulture*, sloop-of-war, which had grounded on ballast reef.

Doctor Todd, in Scharf's *History of Westchester County*, states that in October of that year Colonel Luddington was in command of five hundred militia at Tarrytown, when Sir Henry Clinton ascended the river with a flotilla of transports containing about five thousand troops. These landed, and Luddington had the temerity to parley with their officer; but finding that he stood in imminent danger of being surrounded and cut to pieces with his little force, he wisely beat a retreat. Putnam's account of this matter, written from Peekskill, where he was at that time guarding the Highlands of the Hudson with a force of 1100 Continentals and 400 militia, is to the effect that Sir Henry Clinton had called in the "Croton guides," and had moved two ships of war and

three tenders up the Hudson, and had landed their men at Tarrytown.

We learn from General Parson's correspondence that British refugees under the notorious Captain Emmerick surprised the houses of Peter and Cornelius Van Tassel on the 17th of November, 1777, and burned them to the ground, stripping the women and children, and leaving them exposed to the inclemency of the weather; while the men were carried away prisoners, to languish in the old Sugar House in New York, or to die in one of the pestilential prison-ships, in the Wallabout basin. Bolton speaks of the Van Tassels' houses as being near "Captain Romer's" house. The destruction of the Van Tassels' houses, and the outrages accompanying it, were instigated by Governor Tryon, at New York, and were well in accord with what we read of that cruel and vindictive man's character. A further order to destroy Tarrytown emanated from the same source, and drew forth a strong and indignant letter of remonstrance from General Parsons of the Continental Army. This letter may be found in the *Colonial History of New York.*

"A party of liberty boys, headed by the daring and impetuous Martlings, came down from the American lines on the 25th of November, 1777, and burned his [Oliver de Lancey's] house at Bloomingdale, by way of revenge," says Mary L. Booth in her *History of New York*. Bolton, in alluding to the same occurrence, says that it was in retaliation for the burning of the Van Tassels' homes. There were a number of Tarrytown boys in that foray, which was certainly as daring and wild as any border-raid that Scott has recorded. Probably the clan mustered—we can imagine them dropping in by twos and threes, Van Tassels, Couenhovens, Sies, Yerks, Van Weerts, Storms, and all the other patriotic youth of the neighborhood—at Elizabeth Van Tassel's tavern. Their leader, the "impetuous" Martlings, was Abraham, the brother of that Isaac who is known as the Martyr. Hot with indignation, the brave fellows pushed on over the twenty miles that lay between them and the British lines, and then, with admirable recklessness, penetrated those lines and applied the torch to the dwelling of one of the principal citizens of New York, the

brother of the lieutenant-governor. There were men in Tarrytown, even in those days.

February, 1778, opened with an attack (on the 2d and 3d) upon Young's house in the valley of the Neperhan. Young's was famous as a yoeman's rendezvous for the sympathizers with the Continental cause, and it was a thorn in the side of the British, or rather a hornet's nest, hung just beyond their outposts, where turbulent spirits swarmed and issued only to sting. Although Young's was but an ordinary dwelling house, yet it was defended in such a vigorous and spirited manner that it took six companies of infantry, besides cavalry and guns, under Colonel Norton, two days to subdue it; and then the garrison were only dislodged when the house was burned over their heads. A great many men were killed in this action, and prisoners to the number of ninety were taken to the old Sugar House in New York.

That same year saw a sharp skirmish on Broadway south of Petticoat Lane; or, as it is now called, the White Plains Road. A company of Dunop's *yagers* were on their way from

Kingsbridge to White Plains when they were met and defeated by Colonel Richard Butler and a company of cavalry under Major Henry Lee.

In Gaines' *Weekly Mercury* there was published an account, which Bolton quotes, of the landing of one thousand one hundred English troops at Tarrytown, on the 9th of October, 1778. The British embarked on *bateaux* at Peekskill and proceeded the same night to Tarrytown, where, coming ashore at daybreak, they occupied the adjoining heights.

It was in 1779, on the 20th of May, that Isaac Martlings, the son of Abraham Martlings, Sr., and brother of Captain Daniel Martlings, was "inhumanely slain," as his tombstone states, by Nathaniel Underhill. A popular account of this affair based upon Bolton's story, confounds it with one, and perhaps two, other tragedies under the general name of the *Massacre of Sleepy Hollow*. There were without question people killed in Sleepy Hollow, and "Polly" Buckhout was, at another time and place, shot by mistake because she had a man's hat on; but the murder of Mart-

lings, "the Martyr," seems to have been distinct from these. According to the narrative of his great-granddaughter, as published some time ago by Mr. M. D. Raymond, Sergeant Isaac Martlings was crossing the road to the spring, not far from the old Daniel Martlings' house (the only one of that ancient group of dwellings still standing on Water Street), when Underhill set upon him and killed him. He was taken into a house near by and the murderer escaped.

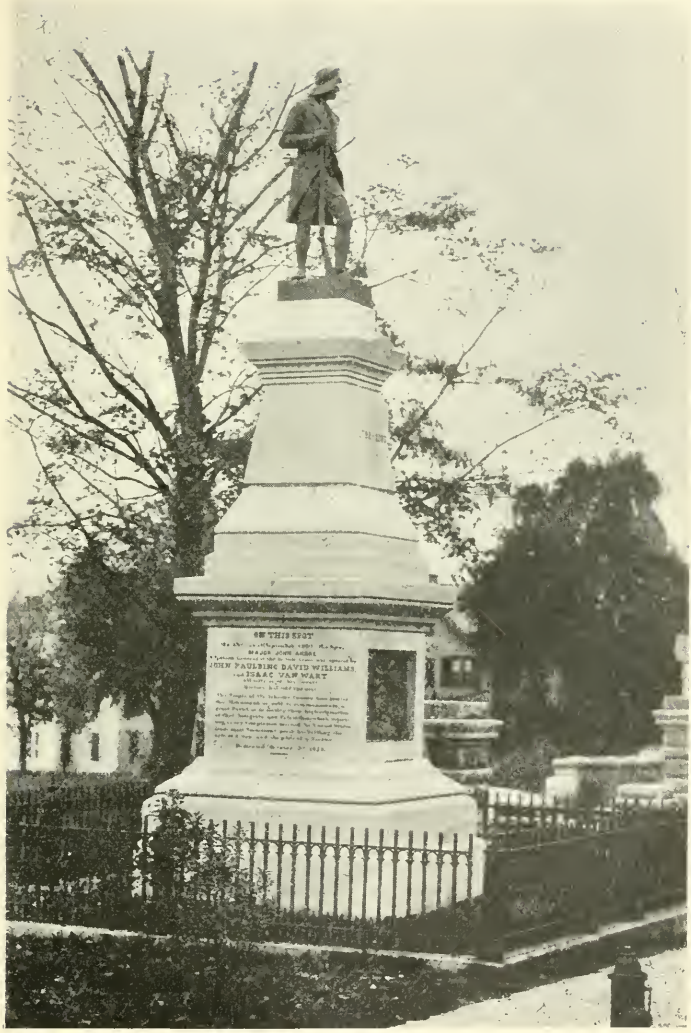
The cause of this attack is said by tradition to have been an old grudge which Underhill held against Martlings, who had tied him by his heels to a beam in his own barn and made him eat oats out of a measure. It was at a time when the people were starving, and Underhill refused to share with them the grain with which his lofts were filled, and which his Tory influence had preserved and protected. It is further believed that after Martlings was slain, Underhill never dared to show his face in Tarrytown again.

The foregoing account of Martlings' death is gathered from Bolton, Raymond, and other

authorities; from local legends, and from Isaac Martlings's tombstone, which is still standing.

A party of cowboys (date not given) were checked in a skirmish with John Dean and others near the Couenhoven place, which was afterwards Martin Smith's tavern, on the corner of Broadway and Main Street.

The great event of 1780, not only for Tarrytown but for the United States (and therefore for the world) occurred upon the 24th of September. On that memorable date, the British spy, Major André, was captured while on his way, in disguise, to New York, with treasonable dispatches from Benedict Arnold. Various sentimental efforts have been made to palliate the conduct of a man who had worked long and successfully to corrupt the military virtue of one whose reputation had before been unblemished. Not only by his act of entering the American lines in secret and trying to escape in disguise, while engaged in a business which was certainly nefarious, did André render himself liable to the penalty he afterwards paid, but he merited it even more, by his patient and laborious preparations to effect Ar-



MONUMENT TO THE CAPTORS OF ANDRÉ

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. AHRENS

nold's treason. His was the guilt of one who systematically worked to corrupt another.

This, however, is not the place for such a discussion. Our history has only to do with events enacted upon the local stage, and of these the capture of André was by far the most important. His captors, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were militiamen who were scouting. They had come across country from the Eastward the day before, stopping over night at a hay-rick near Pleasantville, and crossing by way of Buttermilk Hill, on the morning of the 24th, to the Tarrytown side. There were, according to Williams's narrative, four others in their party. They separated at the Davis, or Davids, farm, now the residence of Mr. James Hawes, whose wife is a descendant of the original tenants.

The trio followed the road for about a mile, and then hid in the bushes on the east side, on what is now Mr. Eugene Jones's property. Two of the party played cards in their concealment, while the other watched the highway. In this manner they spent the time till a horseman appeared, riding south, and they promptly

halted him. André, for it was he, blundered in the first place, by asking them to what party they belonged, and announcing himself as of the "southern," *i. e.*, the English party. The result of this indiscretion was a more rigorous search than would, perhaps, otherwise have been made, and the eagerness of the captors increased with that of the prisoner, who offered them his watch, his horse and a large sum of money if they would let him go. The same class of sentimentalists who have whitewashed André have belittled his captors, trying to show that they were mere bandits. If they had been so, no one who reads the historical testimony carefully can doubt that André would have gone on his way to New York a free man, and Arnold's treachery would have been successful.

But John Paulding and his fellows were incorruptible ; their loyalty was above bribes, and their systematic search was rewarded by finding in the prisoner's stockings the papers which Arnold had written to Sir Henry Clinton, betraying the post and army entrusted to him. When Major André was taken from the place of capture, the first stop made was at a

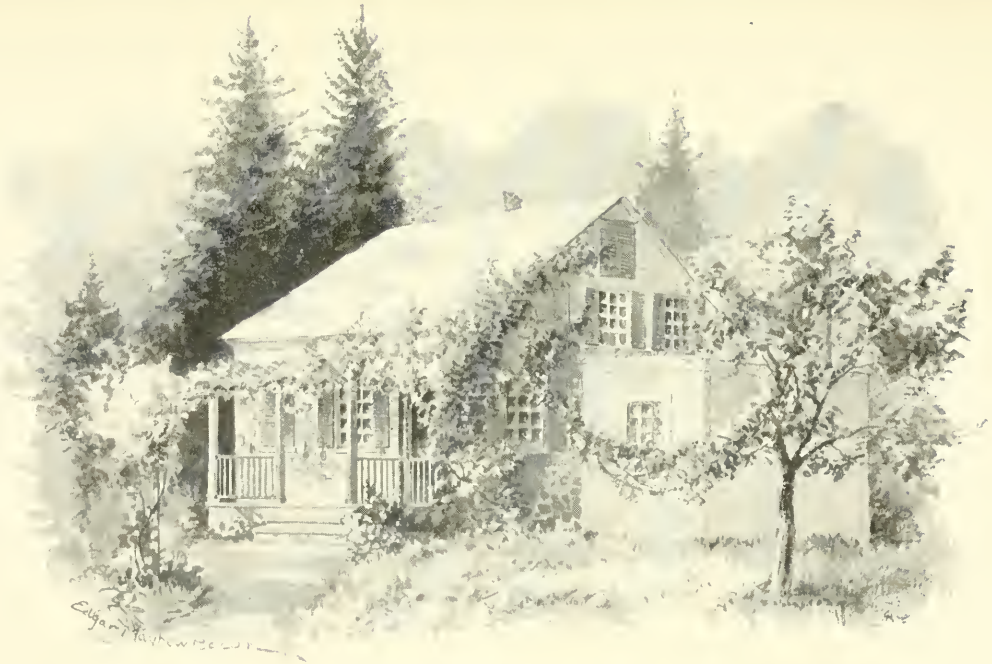
house which is still standing on the old road to White Plains, on the opposite side of the valley from the Northern Railroad depot. There the Adjutant-General of the British Army rested on a wooden step at the bottom of the stairway and was regaled by a kind-hearted hostess with a bowl of bread and milk. The step upon which Major André sat is still preserved, and little alteration has been made in that part of the house. Shortly after the war the house in question became the property of a family named Reed and was sold at a later date to William Landrine, whose son, William B. Landrine, sold it to Mr. Kingsland. It is now the property of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

The capture of a large party of British at the Van Tassel tavern (the Jacob Mott homestead) by Major Hunt, occurred in 1780. Hunt and John Archer, with others, had gone to Westchester. I have found no record of the source by which information reached them of the presence of the English party at the Tarrytown inn. They came, surrounded the house and broke in upon the unsuspecting guests, who rose in astonishment and consternation

from a game of cards they were playing, at the challenge of Hunt, who carried a heavy stick in his hand.

"Gentlemen, clubs are trumps."

In the struggle which ensued before the prisoners were secured Major Hunt prevented Archer from killing one of his adversaries, telling him that "the highest sense of honor in a soldier is to protect his prisoners." What makes this conduct seem the more humane is the fact that Hunt's brother had been slain by the British only a short time before. This story is one of several with which Major Hunt's name is associated. Upon another occasion he was at See's store, on the Bedford road, when he saw a party of English, or Hessians, coming down the road. He was unable to cope with them and there was nothing to do but to run for his life. He set out at a nimble pace in the direction of the Cold Spring bridge, where an icy little rivulet crossed the Albany turnpike (Broadway), in the valley north of the present cemetery gate. A prosaic drinking-trough now marks the place. Three men followed the "rebel," sure that at last they could overhaul



THE JACOB MOTT HOUSE

(HOME OF KATRINA VAN TASSEL)

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR

and overpower him. But Hunt was a man of rare wind and muscle, and not being bothered with the accoutrements of his pursuers, he soon tired them. Looking back from time to time, he at last perceived that they were tailing off. Then he turned (whether he recollected that there was a classic precedent for what he did I cannot say) and succeeded in mastering them one at a time, proving the truth of the adage and living "to fight another day."

On the 6th of July, 1781, the French army marched from Northcastle to Philipsburg, on the Tappan Zee, to unite with the Amerian encampment there. The place of this camp was on hills overlooking the river, between Tarrytown and Dobbs Ferry. Between the two armies, according to an eye witness, at the bottom of a ravine there flowed a rivulet. On the 8th, two days after the arrival of the Frenchmen, General Washington reviewed both armies. We are told that several of the French officers constructed a pretty garden about their abode which showed that the encampment made some approach to permanency. Eleven days passed in this pleasant location, when the

"General" brought the whole allied force to arms. The cause of this alarm was the sound of firing which came from the direction of Tarrytown, which was close at hand. But after "remaining in line of battle for half or three quarters of an hour," according to Count de Deux Ponts, they "received orders to return to their tents." What happened at Tarrytown to make the allied French and American armies cock their ears was an action as spirited as anything which occurred during the whole course of the war, although it was not sufficiently important in its connection with other events to warrant a place in general history. Several British vessels, frigates and tenders, had been hunting for American vessels loaded with supplies for the army. On the evening of the 15th of July, which was a Sunday, two sloops, which were going down the river, loaded with powder and cannon, put into Tarrytown to avoid the British fleet. The enemy followed these vessels closely and there seemed little possibility of escape. There were in Tarrytown at the time only a sergeant's guard of French infantry, and a troop of

mounted dragoons, commanded by Colonel Sheldon, whose regiment lay at Dobbs Ferry. The latter were at once commanded to dismount and assist in unloading the stores. But although they worked with great celerity, it was impossible to anticipate the arrival of the English ships which came to an anchor and began a heavy fire, under cover of which two gunboats and four barges were sent to destroy the sloops. Captain Hurlburt, of the Second Regiment of Light Dragoons, was on board of one of the vessels, with twelve men, whose equipments consisted only of swords and pistols. They made what resistance they could, but in the end were obliged to jump overboard and swim for the shore, upon which the English boarded the sloops and set fire to them. They could not hold the position more than a few moments, owing to the galling fire of the French infantry and the dismounted dragoons, and hardly had they retired when Hurlburt and several other brave men plunged into the river and, swimming back to the burning sloops, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. When we consider the nature of the cargoes

which these little vessels carried, and the terrible risk from explosion which Captain Hurlburt and his companions braved, their act does not seem less than heroic. It may be added that these brave men received the commendation and thanks of General Washington in the General Orders of July 19th, four days after the event. Captain Hurlburt was wounded while in the water and never recovered from the effect of his hurt, suffering terribly till death relieved him, nearly two years later. As authority for this account of the action at Tarrytown, we have Count William de Deux Ponts's *Campaigns*, Dr. Thatcher's *Military Journal*, Moore's *Diary of the American Revolution*, and General Washington's Journal for 1781, besides Doctor Coutant's account and minor mention from several sources.

And now having got down to 1782, we must close this chronology with an untoward event. In the spring of the year three American militiamen, Yerks, Van Wart, and Henry Strong, were at Strong's house, which was near the Underhill place, when the house was surrounded by a small party of Tories under

Lieutenant Acherly, and the inmates captured and taken to New York. Whether they were released before the end of the war I have no way of knowing.

A few words relative to André's capture may not inappropriately be added. The *Westchester Herald*, in its issue of Jan. 28, 1823, published the following communication :

" It seems that André cautiously avoided the more public routes and travelled on through the interior until he arrived within about two miles of the present poor-house belonging to this town. He stopped at the house of an old lady, *still living*, and made the most minute inquiries respecting the precise position of the American encampment, informing her that he was extremely desirous to arrive at the camp by the shortest route and as quickly as possible ; especially anxious to know whether the troops were near the White Plains or at Tarrytown, and very solicitous, apparently, to understand all the intelligence respecting their stations. She informed him that the last she had heard of them was that they were towards the White Plains ; upon this he proceeded towards Tarry-

town. . . . Thus the old lady's informing André that no American troops were in the vicinity of Tarrytown, was the primary cause of the defeat of that complicated treachery which menaced with destruction the freedom and independence of the United States."

Another account, which I have seen published but once, is to the effect that when André was captured the horse that he rode was covered with burrs from the pasture, he having made an exchange in the course of his journey, leaving his own tired nag in the place of a fresh one which he "borrowed."

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ

MYTHS AND LEGENDS

VI

THE SPOOK ROCK

IN the days before the railroad was built, the population of Tarrytown was small and the majority of the inhabitants were farmers ; good, plain, practical people, not given to romancing and the inveterate foes of novelty. Some elderly folk, whose memories take them back to the thirties, remember the story of the Spook Rock as it was transmitted to them from their parents and grandparents, which should satisfy any sceptic of its genuine antiquity.

Not far from the cottage of Hulda, the witch, it stood; but it was an ancient landmark before Sleepy Hollow mothers ever used Hulda's name to frighten their babies into obedience. Tradition says that sachems and medicine men of the Leni Lenapes built their council-fires

about it when the world was young ; for the Spook Rock was an Indian shrine.

One night a young Indian returning late from a hunt and passing near the council rock, was surprised to see lights moving in that direction, while at the same time his ears were assailed by the sound of musical voices. Not being ignorant of the sacred character of the place and the miraculous things that had occurred there, his curiosity was at once aroused and he crept cautiously from tree to tree till he came upon a sight of extraordinary interest. A dozen girls, beautiful beyond anything that the young man had ever imagined, were dancing on the surface of the rock. Linking hands, and leaning far outward in the rapid figure, they seemed to tread on the very edge of the stone, if indeed they touched anything more solid than the air at all. To the bewildered and delighted watcher they were like a ring of forest leaves that have been caught up and whirled around by the wind.

Their voices were as sweet as their bodies were beautiful and graceful, and no one could have mistaken them for anything less than

celestial, even if there had not been, in the centre of the circle around which they danced, a great basket, which, as every one knows, is the approved vehicle when heavenly maids pay a visit earthward.

The scene was lit by unearthly flambeaux that flared among the trees like Will-o'-the-wisps.

The singing and the dancing grew wilder and madder and more fascinating every moment, till the solitary spectator forgot himself and gave a cry of admiration. In a moment, half frightened and half laughing, the bevy scrambled into the basket, with little screams and pretty panics, like girls that would fain go a-slumming and retreat at the first sight of a tipsy man. In they crowded, hugger-mugger, higgledy-piggledy, all but one, who lingered a moment and looked back. She was the most beautiful of them all. Then, in a moment, she took her place, or rather was dragged in by the rest and, amid a chorus of laughter, they were all whisked out of sight and the young Indian was left standing alone in the dark woods. Directly over the rock, as he followed the basket

with his eyes, a large star was shining, and he knew, of course, that it must be their home.

That night the young man turned and tossed and could get no sleep. When day came he discovered that his appetite had failed, which is a most unusual thing to happen to an Indian. He waited impatiently till night had settled down once more, and then, as soon as the village was quiet, he sought the Spook Rock.

It may have been on that very next night, or after weeks or months of waiting,—I do not know,—the basket was let down again, and its occupants, with many a titter and many innocent pranks, disembarked and began to dance as before. While they were in full swing there was a sudden dash among them as a hungry panther might drop into the midst of a covy of quail that are gossiping together at bedtime. Never did birds take to wing more quickly, whirring away from danger, than the maidens ; but one of them, the most beautiful of all, was held by the young hunter, who took her home, triumphantly, to his empty lodge.

The quail may be tamed, but be careful that on some spring morning it does not hear the

piping of its mates. The star girl made a good and loving wife, and when a baby was born to her she forgot any longing she may have had for her old companions. Three years passed, and one night, when the air was peculiarly still, a sound of distant singing came to the hunter's lodge, and his star wife grew restless, and her eyes burned like coals. She murmured in her sleep and sang little snatches of strange songs. The following night she was missing.

The little babe in the lodge cried and refused such food as the hunter had to give it and finally, when it was dead, he hollowed a grave for it by the Pocantico and sat down alone once more. After a while he took his bow and arrows and went hunting, but never returned and the lodge fell to ruin, so that when the snow came it drifted between the bare poles. When three years more had gone, and the smell of the spring was in the air again, the star wife came back. A few hours of absence, she thought, and probably her husband had not even missed her. A few hours of pleasure—how the time had flown!

She found the empty lodge sticks with as-

tonishment. Even the grass was growing rank where she had lain by the side of her husband and baby only a few hours before. Something must be wrong. She had mistaken the place and would search for her home.

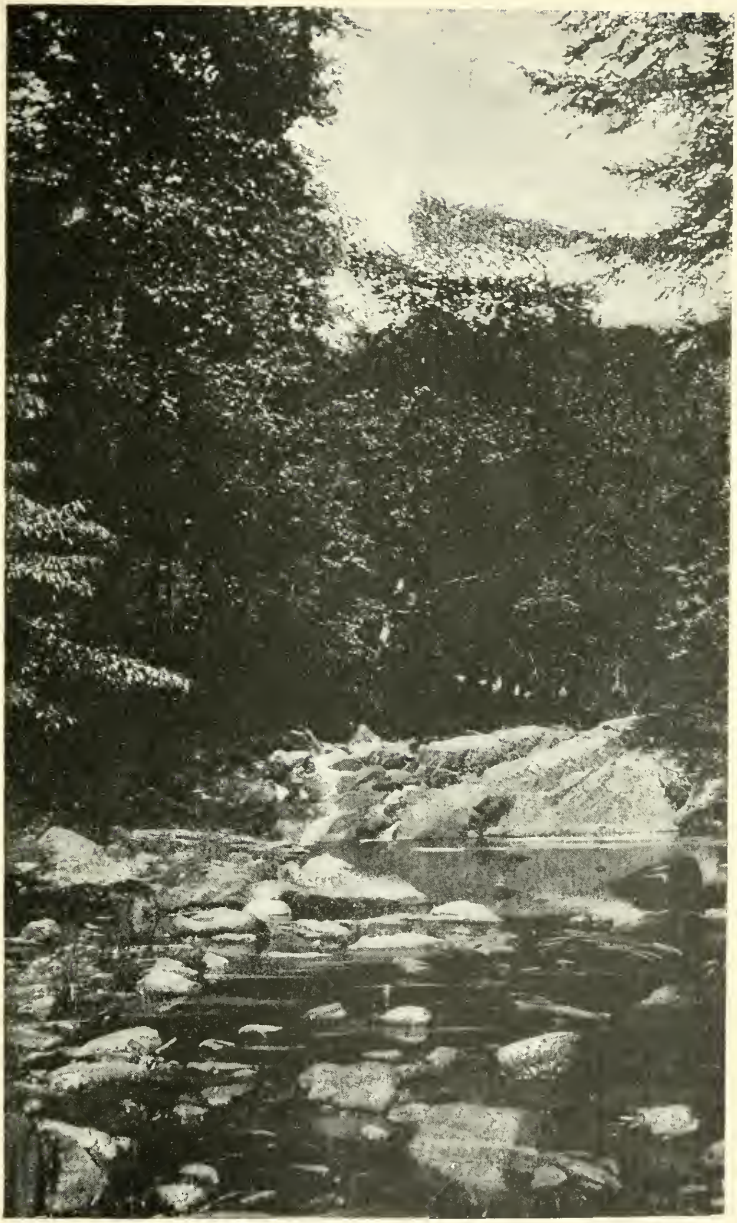
Up and down the Pocantico woods—you may meet her any spring night, for doubtless she is looking there still for the lost lodge.

. . . . . .

Within the present generation the lights have been seen moving at night in the neighborhood of the Spook Rock, and if any adventurous youth will run the risk he may find the dancers still tripping and singing on spring nights.

ANDRÉ'S GHOST

When Major André had been safely disposed of at Tappan, and the American arms had recovered from the shock of Arnold's treachery, that incident was thought to be concluded. After Yorktown, men turned from their swords to their plowshares again and gave their attention to the arts of peace. Before quiet had



THE POCANTICO RIVER

fairly settled upon the neutral territory it began to be whispered that a war reminiscence of an alarming character insisted upon recognition. Down the post road, on still autumn nights, belated wayfarers sometimes heard the sound of hoofs. A madly galloping horse seemed to approach, but no horse or horseman was visible to the keenest eyes. A few reported that they had seen a formless gray shadow whisk by in the neighborhood of the swamp that lay by the side of the highway, and others declared that the word "halt" had been pronounced in a soldierly tone just before the galloping ceased. All agreed that the hoof-beats stopped as though the rider had reined in suddenly, and that they were never heard further south than the immense old tulip tree, known as André's tree, that spread its gaunt, ghost-like arms in the moonlight.

This more than usually unsubstantial ghost is pertinacious in his appearing, having been heard several times within the present decade, as the writer, among other witnesses, can testify.

About André's tree, another tale may be told.

This conspicuous landmark gained its name, as everybody knew, from the fact that the capture of the British spy was accomplished directly beneath it. Long after the war it stood, a reminder not only of the heroism of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, but of the treachery of Arnold, whose execrated name was coupled with that of Judas. The traitor, hidden in England, lived for many years; but when at last the end came, and the news of his death had travelled slowly to Tarrytown, a strange, dramatic scene occurred. While men met at the crossroads or the tavern and told each other with stern satisfaction that Arnold was dead, and decrepit veterans on the store "stoep" became animated once more, recalling old days; while the more youthful members of the community were for gaining the dominie's consent to having the old church bell rung, the sky clouded and a storm burst over the village. In the midst of it a terrific discharge of lightning, accompanied by a peal of thunder that shook the houses, startled the villagers.

After the storm had cleared away, a wonder

came to light that surprised even the most rational. André's tree, the giant tulip tree under which Arnold's schemes had been frustrated, was riven and splintered by the lightning.

CUFFY'S PROPHECY

When the old church was a-building, say the gossips, Vredryk Flypse bethought him that he would interrupt that pious labor, to the end that the dam of his new mill might be in readiness for the harvest. It was, so to speak and in a way, meat before grace that he contemplated. But as soon as the dam was completed a storm came and washed it away; so that the Lord of the Manor waxed impatient and swore incontinently. Thrice did this thing transpire after the manner that we have already related, and to this day it might have continued to happen—Flypse being a firm man and steadfast of his head, which some call obstinate—had not one of his slaves, Cuffy, dreamed a dream, to the effect that the destruction of the dam was due to the abeyance of the work upon the church. With that Flypse finished the

church and had no further trouble with the dam.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Hendrick Hudson—may his glory never grow less—has been a veritable Man-in-the-Moon—albeit only a "Half Moon"—to the dwellers on the banks of the river that perpetuates his name. Some say that he still tacks across the length and breadth of the Tappan Zee from Dobbs-his-Ferry to Point-no-Point, though whether he is thus rewarded with beneficent powers with an endless career of discovery, or condemned for some unstoried deed to perpetual labor, is a disputed point. It is even stoutly maintained—or was some years ago, when people thought it worth while to cock their beliefs saucily—that the Flying Dutchman is not Hendrick at all, but a pirate or smuggler of a later day.

At the risk of being thought an indifferent antiquary I must tell what I know about this ghostly vessel, which to my eyes appeared altogether too modern a craft to have been the *Half Moon*.

Late on a moonlight evening, several years ago, as two friends sat on the rocks by Kingsland's round-tower, at the old quarry, and looked down upon the river, their attention was attracted to a schooner that moved swiftly and silently past the point. She was coming up the stream and towards the shore upon the port tack. In the bright moonlight that illuminated her sails, they seemed to stand out distinct from the gray of the river. While the friends were looking at this inviting craft, she disappeared—vanished as completely as though she had been engulfed in the Tappan Zee, leaving not a single spar to mark the place where she went down. But no ship since the world began ever sank as quickly as that schooner faded from sight. The spectators rubbed their eyes and marvelled, but the night kept its secret for full twenty minutes when—presto !—there she was again, as fresh as a duck that dives and comes up uninjured from its bath. Now the vessel was on the starboard tack and standing away from the east shore. Three times or more the prank was played, and the friends wondered.

Was it the *Flying Dutchman?* I, who saw this, am willing enough to agree with you that it was; but my friend, who is scientific, offered so plausible and rational an explanation that I would repeat it here if I was not sure that it would wreck your faith as it did mine.

HULDA, THE WITCH

Reference has been made to the cottage of Hulda, which was not far from the Spook Rock. To-day nothing is left of that humble habitation but a few stones in the side of an alder-covered bank, and the trace of a path leading to a walled spring. But in the days of our nation's birth-throes he was a brave man who passed the cottage of the witch, even in the daytime. A hundred years ago the people took witches seriously.

Hulda was a Bohemian woman, who came without references or kin and settled in the midst of conservative folks who were familiar with each other's grandparents. To be a stranger was to be open to suspicion; to be alone was not respectable. Acting upon a well-known principle, recognized in most rural

communities, the newcomer is held to be guilty till he has proved himself to be innocent.

Hulda gathered herbs, "simples," in the mill woods; she knew where the boneset grew, and vervain, and mandrake, and calamus. Her cabin was full of the sweet odor of plants a-drying; specifics for colds and fevers and the unsophisticated pains and aches of simple folk. She wove baskets, too, and was wise, as a woman ought not to be. Rumor, as busy in Sleepy Hollow in 1770 as she is in 1897, said that the witch had commerce with the Indians who came occasionally into this region from far up the State, and exchanged with them secrets of black art and "yarbs."

A tapu, as effectual as ever existed in the South Sea islands, cut this woman off from human intercourse, and when the war came she, alone, had no friend to discuss her hopes or tell her fears to. From first to last the neutral ground got the worst of the Revolution. Friends and foes struggled across it and fought or fled back again. Every crime in the calendar was committed in the names of King and Congress alike, till the harried remnant of the

people sat among their denuded fields and depleted barns, and faced starvation and sickness with such stoicism as they could muster. Sometimes an undetected hand left dainties that were hard to procure, on the door-step or the window-sill of some house where want and pain had settled together; but the donor was invisible.

In those days men patrolled the highways to intercept the cattle-thieves that ran off their stock, and as the population became smaller, the women sometimes took their places with flint-lock and powder-horn. Hulda, the witch, presented herself for this service, but no one wanted her companionship. At last one day a force of British landed from one of the transports that had sailed up the Hudson and commenced a march which was to bring them, by means of the King's highway, to the rear of Putnam's position, at Peekskill. As they marched in imposing array a volley greeted them from behind walls and tree-trunks. It was Lexington repeated in Westchester County. Not to be repulsed this time, Hulda fought with her neighbors, using her rifle with great

effect, so that she was singled out for vengeance; and before the redcoats retreated to their boats they had, by means of a sortie, overtaken and killed the witch.

Animated by a new respect, those who had seen her fight avowed that, witch or no witch, she had earned a right to Christian burial. Reverently they carried her to her cabin, and while there discovered between the leaves of her Bible (?) a paper informing them of a little store of gold that she desired to have distributed among the widows whose husbands had fallen for their country.

Hulda's grave, it is said, is close by the north wall of the old church, as though her neighbors, having done her what despite they could during her lifetime, were desirous to atone after her death by an exhibition of hearty respect.

RAVEN ROCK

Nowhere in this part of the country are the ravens to be found, though it is thought that they may have been plentiful a century or more ago. The crows, who are known to be

inveterate neighbors of their larger cousins, perhaps drove them out. Upon their exodus these birds of ill-omen left their names in more than one lonely spot, to couple with dark associations.

Raven Rock is a detached portion of the steep, rocky, eastern side of Buttermilk Hill, which a deep fissure has long separated from the mass, and the fragment, becoming independent territory, set up a mythology of its own. Not content with one legend, it has two, at least, to boast.

A woman, so we have read, wandered out of the path in a blinding snowstorm and sought shelter from the blast of the wind in the ravine behind Raven Rock. The snow drifted in upon her and she went to sleep never to waken again. Ever since, that cleft has been a melancholy place of refuge, for it is said that the spirit of the poor wayfarer meets the belated wanderer with cries that sound like the screaming of the wind, and gestures that remind one of the sweep of snowdrifts, warning others away from the spot that she found so fatal. There are, in all the land, many legends of

many ghosts, but none I think of so kindly and Christian a complexion as this poor spectre of Raven Rock.

But the wraith of the white woman is not the only one that the rock boasts. An Indian girl, who perished of a jealous lover, has an older claim; and the ravens used to tell of still a third, a Colonial Dame, who fled from the dreadful attentions of a too amorous Tory raider in the dark days of "The Old War."

Nebulous legends they are, every one, and in these hard days of unbelief there are people who, not knowing the stories in detail, have even expressed a doubt concerning the ghosts themselves.

THE WOMAN OF THE CLIFF

It is no discredit to a ghost or a ghost-story, but rather in the nature of them both, to be evanescent. No apology need be offered therefore for the Woman of the Cliff, who flits along the top of the rocks on a certain ledge that overlooks the village. When a storm is rising she is sometimes seen hurrying among the tree-trunks and over the moss, and her voice rises

with the wind, which it resembles not a little. Whatever the tragic story of this poor ghost, she has not yet found an opportunity to tell it to any one.

KIDD'S ROCK

This has long been the name of a rock that is a part of the river-wall on the outer side of Kingsland's point. There is a summer-house built over the rock and if there were ever golden riches beneath it, or if there are treasures hidden there still, it is not (fortunately) the duty of a sober historian to tell. When it is remembered that the first Vredryk Flypse and his confrères were charged with being the partners in Kidd's nefarious trade, and that the rock was at the very entrance to the bay upon the upper end of which stood the castle and port of Sir Vredryk, it does not seem at all impossible that the pirate may have found a convenient trysting-place at the rock.

THE HEADLESS HESSIAN

The "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" belongs to Washington Irving, and it is an enchanted

"He beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering."

From Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

fruit that crumbles into ashes if any one touches it but the magician who fashioned it. But the Headless Hessian belongs to the neighborhood, and Brom Bones is well remembered still.

About twenty years ago the writer was passing, one morning, through the little lane that borders the Pocantico, between Broadway and the site of the burned factory (Brombacher's), when he overheard an Irishwoman, who stood by her cottage gate, relate this marvellous tale to her neighbors :

" It was n't late, mebby not mower than tin o'clock, an' me waitin' here be the gate for Dinny to come in an' he only shteppin' up to Johnny Manin's wid de can, when upon me sowl, thrue as I 'm standin' here, I see right out there in the road a big, black, shadder-like, *widout any head*, an' him on horseback at that."

There was no doubting the sincerity of the tones. I looked at the ghost-seer. Honesty and ignorance shared the realm between them. Had she possibly had her imagination fired by reading Irving ? It was easier to believe that she had actually seen the Headless Hessian.

Allow the possibility of the apparition, and I will show you why the place where the woman thought she had seen him was most appropriate. A few rods up the stream the ford and abutments still show where the ancient bridge stood, before the course of the post-road was changed : a few rods down one finds the present bridge. What more natural than that a poor, headless spook should wander irresolute between the old site and the new?

That some untoward influence occasionally manifests itself at the new bridge is not unknown. A few years ago a sober and careful citizen from the lane, returning from the distant saloon with a pitcher of beer which he was expecting to drink in the bosom of his family, was dragged upon the bridge by invisible hands, though it was clear moonlight, and flung over the high parapet into the water of the Pocantico, where he swam for some time, being miraculously unable to find the shore, and was at last rescued by his neighbors. Another, who had been in the clutches of the same uncanny wrestler, succeeded in escaping without a ducking.

Brom Bones, who figures in the courtship of "Sleepy Hollow" as the practical joker who impersonated the Headless Horseman, was in Mr. William See's store, with a lot of other ancient cronies, when the first copy of the immortal Legend reached Tarrytown. No longer "Brom, the devil," but old uncle Abr'm Van Tassel, the patriarch listened in great wrath when someone told him that Washington Irving had put him in a book. Grasping his ponderous stick, he started for the door.

"Hole on, Uncle Brom! where you goin' so fast"? they cried.

"Goin' to lick that writin' feller till he can't see!" roared the newly immortalized.

JACOB THE ROMAN

The story of "Jacob the Roman" belongs by courtesy, if not by copyright, to the Rev. Dr. John Knox Allen, who received it from the late Mrs. Eliza Ann See, and told it first in a historical address, which was afterwards published by the Tarrytown Historical Society. We give it in his own words:

"Just at the foot of the high point called

Kyk-uit,* there long ago dwelt a man who was called *Jacob the Roman*. He was a German by birth, and in the centuries past his ancestors had come, perhaps with Julius Cæsar, from Rome, and after the conclusion of the war with the Gauls had settled among the now friendly *War-men*, whom we to-day call German. Living in the highlands of Southern Germany the old name still clung to them. 'Jacob the Roman' was well educated, but he was poor. He was respected in his native town, and had won the affection of the Herr Obermeister's lovely daughter—her name Judah Trénagh. But poverty hindered the progress of his suit, and he determined to try his fortunes in this New World. Judah would not be left behind. By night they left the town, and travelling by unfrequented paths at last reached the coast. But now their money was exhausted. Nothing daunted, they secured their

* "Lookout," now pronounced *Kakeout;* a name given to a sharply-defined hill rising about five hundred feet above tide water, and situated about a mile and a half due east from the Hudson River. It was once a coast survey station, and was used in early times by the Indians as a signal-hill.

"Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him."

From Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

passage across the ocean by articles of agreement with the captain of a vessel, which articles allowed him to sell the two for a term of years to whoever in this land would pay the price of their passage, and secure it from the proceeds of their labor. This was no unusual thing in that day. Those thus sold were called *Redemptioners*, because the price of their redemption from bondage was fixed at so much labor, or its equivalent in money. A calamity not anticipated befell them on arrival—they were sold away from each other. Exchanging vows of eternal fidelity, they parted.

"In time Jacob worked his freedom, and on the east side of Kyk-uit near a little brook bought a little homestead and built for himself a house. He had learned to speak the Low Dutch of the people, and as he was a tailor by trade they came to him to make their garments, and came to listen to his many stories of life in the Old World. He was respected by all; he increased in goods, but was not happy. It was years since he had seen Judah. Where was she? Was she living? How should he ever find her? His former master told him he had

heard she had been sold somewhere west of the river. His love stimulated his wits. Anthony Segere was *der Post-reiter*, and made his monthly circuit with the colonial mail from New Amsterdam to Fort Orange, going up the west side of the river and down the east. Jacob confided in him, and the postman espoused his cause with sympathy, and promised to inquire in every village for 'one Trénagh,' according to the description Jacob gave him; and if he found her, and she were willing, he promised to bring her back with him on his horse. For this service Jacob was to give him seven dollars in New York currency. Jacob showed him the money, and laid it away against the demand. The postman went and made inquiry, returning month after month on his steady old horse, and brought no news. Jacob's heart sank within him, just as do the hearts of people in more splendid romances.

"At last the old postman met a man who thought he knew a woman who answered the description. He would see her, and if she were the one would bring her to Fort Orange against the time of the next circuit. Jacob was

wild with excitement. Was this the woman or not? What joy or sorrow would the postman bring him next month? The month rolled round. The slow steed came ambling down the river-roads and up the hills and bore Anthony and his saddle-bags, and on the pillion was seated Judah too. Any good novel will tell you what they did when they met.

"One incident is to be added. Judah often told how she attracted the attention of whole villages on the first day's ride on horseback from Fort Orange. She wondered why the people stared and smiled as they saw her, for she was a comely woman and decently dressed. She asked the old postman why they were amused. He smiled. She was not an equestrian, and in her innocence supposed it was not possible to ride a horse safely except astride. And she had not liked to embrace the old man, and so had mounted looking the other way. It was hardly to be wondered at, that the people smiled as they saw her clinging to the saddle-bags, and with her face turned toward the scenes they were fast, or rather slowly, leaving. This story she herself told to Mrs. See. The

old postman showed her how to ride upon the pillion, and their journey ceased to attract especial attention. There was, of course, love in a cottage, though the furniture at first was little, one old chest, containing crockery and utensils, serving also as tailor's bench and table. Eight children were born to them, whose descendants are said to be with us to this day. These two were members in good and regular standing of the old church, and Mrs. See especially emphasized their piety. In his old age the good Jacob said one day: 'I prays mine Cott, I never knows a sick ped.' That very evening as his wife approached to help him to bed, he met her with the old look of love, stretched out his hands to her, tried to speak, and was gone."

THE CHARTER OAK

As late as the Civil War there was standing upon the bluff which overlooks the old mill from the south, a mammoth oak-tree, whose story, according to the old people, had to do with the signing of a charter or some other important paper beneath its shade. Some said

that the deed of the old church was executed there, others that Flypse concluded his purchase of the Pocantico from the Indians on this spot ; and again it was stated that the important affair occurred at a later day and was connected with Washington. The story, whatever it was, had been forgotten, and all that remained was a fixed recollection that there had been a legend of some kind connected with the old tree.

Some time in the sixties I think it was, that this noble relic of the forest primeval fell a victim to the village vandals. It had escaped their notice by some happy chance for many years, but at last its day of doom came and the axe destroyed in a few hours, what the forces of nature had been centuries in bringing to perfection.

THE KYK-UIT VOYAGER

" I 'll do it, if it takes me a month of Sundays ; " said Rambout Van Dam, adding by way of confirmation a reference to the old gentleman who had better be nameless. Van Dam had attended a merrymaking at Kyk-uit, and being in a pot-valiant mood he swore

roundly that he would reach the Palisades in his boat before the dawn of the Sabbath, though Saturday night was far spent when the vow was registered.

"You 'll never," said his friends.

"I will," quoth Rambout.

"Better make a night of it here!"

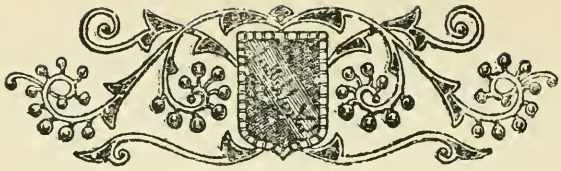
"Not if I row from now till doomsday."

Rambout found his boat where he had left it, rocking quietly in the bay by the old mill. Embarking, bravely he set out for his destination at a rate of speed that bid fair to fulfill his promise and land him at the foot of the Palisades an hour before sunrise.

But when Sunday morning came Rambout did not appear in his accustomed place, and his neighbors shook their heads seriously, having their own opinion of the morality and sobriety of Tarrytown. A week passed, and another Sabbath did not restore Van Dam. Then inquiries were made and finally the fact was accepted that the bold little navigator was lost.

As time passed, a new sensation disturbed the people who lived near the river bank. Skippers plying from point to point along the

Tappan Zee had a strange story to tell. They had heard the sound of rapid oars on still nights and had been hailed by an invisible boatman. A new ghost was on his rounds. How long the Dutchman is doomed to pull his weary oar it is impossible to guess ; but if there is a limit in time or distance, it seems as though he must soon reach it after a century and a half of labor.



VII

OLD SITES AND HIGHWAYS

AN octogenarian, writing his early reminiscences of Tarrytown for the *Pocantico Gazette* (1846) says: "When I was young an old man pointed out a maple stump as the remains of the tree that was used by Capt. Daniel Martlings to fasten his market boat to. Before the Revolutionary war there was a dock run out in the cove opposite the maple tree, and Captain Martlings built his dwelling-house on the shore, while one Abram Fogal, another boatman, built a house on the lot where Jacob Requa's house stands, which was occupied by George Munson for a tavern. The next house was built for a dwelling and store on the site of the one lately belonging to Jacob Onderdonk, and William Paulding erected the one now occupied

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TARRYTOWN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. AHRENS

by General Paulding, where he also set up a store. The settlement was hitherto confined to the water's edge, but now one Edward Couenhoven erected a building for a store and tavern on the site since in possession of Martin Smith, and Abram Martlings put up that occupied by the late Widow Child. The splendid residence of N. Bayles was then the site of a small house belonging to one Dykman. Besides these, a house built by George Comb on the ground now owned by Thos. Dean (on the southwest corner of Main Street and Broadway), a little house near by and two down on the shore, one of which was built where John Leonard lives, by Isaac Martlings, comprised all the village previous to the Revolutionary war. No, there was another, built and occupied by Abram Fogal, which made twelve at the time that the war broke out."

The octogenarian, whose account we will quote further, did not mention the Van Tassel (old Mott) house, nor several others which lay at a greater distance, notably the Davids homestead, Sunny Side, the Manor house, and the Reed, or Landrine house—to which Major

André was taken after his capture. It is probable that the aged writer confined his effort of memory to the west side of the turnpike road—that is to say, Broadway.

Mr. Bolton, in his *History of Westchester County*, seems to have followed this account blindly and without reflection, as he did the genealogical tables of the Filipse family and other data, without taking the trouble to verify, or even to reflect; for he gives twelve houses as the total in Tarrytown up to the time of the war.

From other sources the following accounts seem to agree:

The old Paulding House was near the terminus of Dock Street, which is the left-hand fork of lower Main Street. It stood on the edge of a pleasant bay which used to indent the shore to the south of the present depot. William Paulding, who built it, was the father of General Paulding, who afterwards built where Miss Helen Gould's place now is. James Kirke Paulding, the friend of Irving, who was joint author with him of the *Salmagundi Papers*, was a brother of William. He spent

much of his boyhood at this old house. General William Paulding was a member of the New York State Constitutional Convention in 1821, and Mayor of New York City, with an intermission of one year, from 1824 to 1829. Philip R. Paulding, son of the preceding, sold the present Gould place to George Merritt.

The Martlings House.—Abram Martlings, the hero of many an adventure in the troublous days of the Revolution, lived on the knoll which has been known in later days as the Cliff house property. The Fowlers, who owned it several years ago, improved the house and grounds greatly. This is the place that occupies the inner side of the curve of Main Street on the steep block between the old postoffice and the bank.

Captain Daniel Martlings' is still standing. It is on the corner of Dock and Water Streets, north of where the Paulding house used to stand. This Captain Daniel was the boatman who used to fasten his market boat to a tree on the shore.

The Onderdonk house and Captain Vogel's were near the corner of Dock and Water

Streets. The Captain Vogel mentioned here is evidently the same that "an Octogenarian" speaks of as one "Abram Fogal, another boatman."

William Couenhoven's house stood on the corner of Main Street and Broadway, where the drugstore of Russell and Laurie now is. For many years this site was known as the Martin Smith tavern and every notable man who travelled from New York to Albany in the old stage-coach days, has probably made a stop at what was, in its time, quite a famous hostelry.

"*Tommy*" *Dean's* was opposite. Not a few of the older residents of Tarrytown remember Thomas Dean, and the store that he kept, where the farmers for six miles around used to do all their trading thirty-five or forty years ago. The wagons, in long procession, got as near his door as they could on market days, and the store became an important produce exchange for men who never dreamed of shipping direct to New York for themselves. The old house was built by George Comb. Thomas Dean was the son of John Dean, who was one of the

LYNDHURST

HOME OF MISS HELEN GOULD

four men left at the Davis farm when Paulding and his party separated on the day of André's capture. He was also the hero of the skirmish elsewhere cited, which took place on this very corner. His grandson is Professor Dean, of Columbia College. Just below the Thomas Dean house was the *Sniffin house*. The west half of the Bayles house, between the present postoffice and the Cliff (Martlings) house, was the *Dyckman Homestead*, once an important unit in the little sum of residences. *Isaac Martlings*, the martyr, lived, I believe, in a house which stood to the south of the Paulding place. *Boyce's* was on Franklin Street, *Gabriel Requa's* was east of the spring on Water Street; that is, nearly opposite the Paulding house.

The Jacob Mott House or Elizabeth Van Tassel Tavern.—More than sixty years before the "embattled farmers" at Concord "fired the shot heard round the world," when New York City was a village with five or six thousand inhabitants, and the Manor of Filipsburg (Tarrytown) a hamlet in the wilderness, one Martlings lived in that house on the King's highway. It was a solid, sturdy stone struc-

ture, designed to withstand the ravages of time and weather and to repel the attacks of savage neighbors. So well did the builders accomplish their purpose that it has outclassed all contemporary dwellings in the neighborhood except "Flypse's castle," the residence of the Lord of the Manor. At last, at what date I cannot say, it became a house of refreshment for man and beast, and during the period of the war for independence was known as the Elizabeth Van Tassel Tavern.

Of course, an inn that kept its doors open at that day on the harassed territory that lay between the opposing British and Continental armies had its full share of romantic incidents. More than once it must have been the victim of raids by the cowboys and skinners, and Mistress Van Tassel was no doubt a discreet woman to keep a roof over her head at all in such troublous times. If the old walls could retain a photographic impression of the worthies that stopped within them, what a gallery it would be—Washington and Putnam, Light Horse Harry Lee and Madcap Anthony Wayne, Knyphausen, the raider, and younger sprigs

of the British nobility, sent over to win their spurs. About the time of the battle of White Plains an American or French officer is said to have lain for some time in the parlor wounded, and there the Father of His Country used to bow his tall figure through the doorway in a daily visit to him. Once, says tradition, when the British gunboats were anchored out in the Tappan Zee, and were rather careless in the disposition of their ammunition, a cannon ball found the tavern, but was considerate enough to enter by the window instead of making a breach in the walls.

The tavern was the American headquarters when the Continental forces were in this neighborhood, and when public measures were discussed by General Hammond and the local Committee of Safety, tradition says that they made their rendezvous here, and there is little doubt that many a plan was hatched and many a movement forestalled beneath the shelter of its roof. Does any one suppose that the discreet landlady would betray her kinsman, Van Tassel, or the redoubtable Abram Martlings (namesake of the builder) when they planned

their romantic and historic raid upon the Island of Manhattan, or met on their return to glory in having eluded the Hessian guard and reduced Oliver de Lancey's house to ashes?

I have elsewhere told how Major Hunt captured a party there, when "clubs were trumps." But better than any of the war stories is the delicious romance which Washington Irving associated with the homestead when he made it the scene of the courtship of Sleepy Hollow. Mr. Irving was a frequent visitor at the old house, especially during the time that his sister boarded there with the Mott family, and it is due to his direct interposition that Mr. Jacob Mott refrained from making damaging alterations in the building after his purchase of it. Even before he himself had enriched it beyond price he deemed it worth a personal effort to preserve.

One of the completest folk-stories in any language is that which Washington Irving wrote of the loves and the floutings, the haps and mishaps of Katrina Van Tassel, Ichabod Crane, Brom Bones, and the rest of the people of the familiar legend. The scene of the court-

ship of Sleepy Hollow, of the dance and jealousies, was laid here in the old stone house. Here Katrina, the belle, set her admirers by the ears with her coquetries; here the quilting frolic drew the lads and lassies of the country-side together; here the farmers, in pewter buckles and stupendous brass-buttoned coats, with blue homespun stockings and eelskin queues, ogled the damsels in long waisted short-gowns; and the elect were regaled with doughty doughnuts and tender oly keoks, and all the profusion of good things wherewith the narrator makes the mouth of his reader water.

In compliance with the vote of the citizens of Tarrytown in 1896, the school-trustees bought the old Mott house and tore it down to erect a new schoolhouse on the site.

The Davids Homestead, built somewhere about the middle of the last century, and still the property of a descendant of its builder, stands on the ridge which overlooks the village of North Tarrytown from the south side of the Bedford Road. Here Washington made a halt and was entertained after the battle of White Plains. Pursuers were then upon his track,

and, arriving at the house soon after he had left, slashed the door-posts with their sabres in wanton anger at having missed him. The marks of the cuts are still there. It was at the Davids place that the party who were with Paulding on the night preceding the capture of André, separated just before that important event, and so excluded worthy John Dean from a share in the glory which still attaches to the names of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart.

The Wm. Landrine House, that was bought of a family named Reed, and by them from the people who occupied it during the Revolution, is the place where André was taken after his capture. It faces the South from the old county-house road, and is on the north side of the reservoir lake. It is still standing and is owned by Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

Wolffert Ecker's.—The house that Washington Irving has described in *Wolfert's Roost*, and which he made his own home, will be spoken of under its better known name of "Sunnyside," in the account, given elsewhere, of Irving's life in Tarrytown.

The André Brook divides the twin villages,

Tarrytown being in Greenburg, and North Tarrytown in Mount Pleasant. The seat of the ancient Manor of Filipsburg, which became the property of the Beekmans after the Revolution, was in what is now North Tarrytown. The estate dwindled to a mere fraction of its former size till in December, 1822, the "Beekman Farm" was advertised for sale, upon the death of Gerard G. Beekman, the elder. The boundaries given are mainly those of the village of North Tarrytown as it is today. The advertisement in the *Westchester Herald* was as follows:

"*For Sale.* Forty-five (probably 450) acres of very Valuable Land: Situated near the banks of the North River, about twenty-eight miles from the city of New York and being a part of the farm of the late Gerard G. Beekman, Esq. The above tract of land lies nearly adjoining the village of Tarry-Town, and is bounded on the East by the Highland Turnpike Road, on the West and North by the Public Market Road leading to Martling and Van Wart's landing, and on the South by a brook called Major André's Brook, being the

Division Line between the towns of Mount Pleasant and Greenburg.

" This land has many advantages as a stand for Business. The land itself is excellent *and there are several pleasant situations for building upon it.* It is, besides well watered and may be conveniently laid out and sold in Small Lots. In the hands of an enterprising man it would soon become the site of a Flourishing Village. Upon the whole it cannot be justly appreciated without viewing it.

" Persons inclined to purchase will please apply to Mrs. Cornelia Beekman, or Gerard G. Beekman, who reside near the premises or to Frederick Depeyster or Stephen D. Beekman in the city of New York. The terms will be moderate and accommodating to the purchaser."

The " Highland Turnpike Road," the " Albany Post Road," and " Broadway " are the same. " The Public highway leading to Martlings and Van Wart's Landing " was the road, long since disused, which was a continuation of Bedford Road between Broadway and the river, to the north of the present Beek-

man Avenue. The name by which all of that portion of Tarrytown situated between Van Courtlandt Street, Beekman Avenue, and the river was known until quite recently, was Beekmantown, and indeed, is still called so by many old residents. North Tarrytown, the incorporated village, is only Beekmantown under an alias.

Probably few of the older inhabitants of either town have forgotten a certain sermon, preached by a minister of one of the Tarrytown churches, in which he asked, "Can any good thing come out of Beekmantown?" The witticism was uncalled for, and belonged to the same boomerang family as Doctor Burchard's famous three R's.

The Albany Post Road was generally the same as the present Broadway, as far north as the André monument, or that neighborhood. From near that point it swerved more to the east than it does now and met the present road again at the old church. Exactly what its course was between those two landmarks has never been determined, or rather, has been determined differently by every man who has

written on the subject. It seems to me probable that the eastward trend brought it somewhere near the intersection of the aqueduct and the Bedford Road, and that thence it swept in a liberal curve through the Anderson or Weber property toward the old church and mill. It crossed the Pocantico by a bridge which was several rods northeast of the present one. The abutments may be found by following the stream up to the old ford.

Petticoat Lane, the present White Plains Road, was the first to intersect the Post Road south of the town. The next was the Market Road that is now Main Street, and the third the Bedford Road, which at various times has been known as the Connecticut and the old White Plains Road. There were other roads, built by farmers for their convenience in getting to church or to market, but the ones mentioned were the principal, and, with the exception of Water Street and Franklin, and a little part of Washington, long the only streets in Tarrytown.

Carl's Mill afterwards became Hart's, and the modest building was overshadowed by

OLD LANE

roomy ice-houses. All are now in ruins. It was of unknown antiquity, the original Sleepy Hollow Mill, where Mr. Irving loved to come to listen to the musical flow of the cool water over the brown old wheel, and gossip with Tom, Dick, and Harry over all the quaint and curious lore of the countryside. The original mill at Carl's was a little saw-mill and the Pocantico above and below it was the angler's delight for many a year.

The Sleepy Hollow Road ran north from the Bedford Road. Its settlement has not been included with the original Tarrytown nucleus because they were not parts of the same community. Just above the junction, on the Bedford Road, another house of Revolutionary date stood. I think it was Captain Romer's.

The valley which is immortal under the name of Sleepy Hollow, is several miles in length, its general course being north and south, and the hills which border it broken by tributary valleys. Its most extensive branch is that through which the Pocantico Creek leaves the Sleepy Hollow valley for the valley of the Hudson.

In the year 1827 slavery was abolished in the State of New York, though whether the institution would not have died a natural death, without the intervention of the law, is an open question. Without doubt the yoke of servitude in New York State was a very mild one. Public sentiment had as much to do with the matter as the law had, and public sentiment refused to sanction cruelty. To be sure, punishment had to be resorted to at times, but it is a notable fact that the servant was not left to the tender mercies of an offended master when he transgressed. The justice and deliberation of the people of this part of the country were never better attested than in the appointment of a public slave-whipper, whose duty it was to see that punishment was fairly administered to refractory slaves.

The Tarrytown slave-whipper (dreadful title !) was a mild and humane Quaker gentleman named Conklin, who lived in a pleasant farm-house which is yet standing on a hill-slope north of the Longwood Road, between Sleepy Hollow and Pocantico Hills. Two very tall pine trees tower above the dwelling and

near it, to the east, is an old stone mill. Beyond the house, northward to the Sleepy Hollow Road, extends a walled road bordered by ancient locust trees, and in a field only a few hundred yards away, a large bowlder stands from which one may overlook the valley of the Pocantico. The rock is granitic, and nearly perpendicular on two sides: its height is twelve or fifteen feet, and its greatest horizontal dimensions somewhat more.

The brook which has its source near this old house flows beside the Longwood Road on its course to the Pocantico; and where the new Croton Aqueduct crosses its path it is spanned by a massive and elaborate stone gate. There are still left in its mimic pools a few feeble descendants of the numerous and vigorous trout that used to inhabit it. The Quaker slave-whipper—whose office seems to have been something of a sinecure—lived long after the abolition of his office, and is well remembered by men now living.

VIII

TARRYTOWN IN WAR TIMES

THE call to arms which roused the entire country, North and South, woke the people of Tarrytown and hurried many of them to the front. Some of those who went away at that time never came back; their names are engraved upon the soldiers' monument in the cemetery, others returned to be honored by their neighbors; and a little remnant are still with us. It is exactly the same story, word for word, which might be written of any village in the United States. The same burst of patriotic enthusiasm; the same active preparation; the same bravery of women, who had the harder task of waiting between hope and fear; the same partings and reunions—only a change of names upon the muster rolls.

"THE CASTLE"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. AHRENS

There were the usual animosities. Some men were denounced as Copperheads; and neighbors and friends were suddenly estranged by the conflicting opinions of the times.

It has chanced that these words are written on Decoration Day, 1897. In thirty-two years the number of those who follow the drum and carry the flag to the graves where their departed comrades lie in Sleepy Hollow has dwindled to a mere handful. They remind us that another generation has come to the front, and the event they celebrate is being crowded back into the perspective of history.

Perhaps the most exciting episode of the Civil War time was the exodus of the colored people at the time of the '63 draft riots. In another place, Rev. Abel T. Stuart's action in stopping the rioters is referred to. When the danger seemed imminent to citizens of negro blood, large parties of fugitives of that race abandoned their houses and took to the woods, not stopping till they had reached the fastnesses of Buttermilk Hill and equally secluded strongholds. The presence of a government gunboat in the river soon restored confidence however.

The excitement was allayed and the refugees returned to their homes after a few days.

One of the immediate effects of the war was an increase in business activity, which, for a while, Tarrytown shared with the rest of the country. During that period the population increased somewhat, and a more extravagant style of living came into vogue with the influx of wealthy New Yorkers.

The first body of men to volunteer from the neighborhood of Tarrytown during the excited days of 1860, formed Company H, of the Thirty-second Regiment. After seventeen years two dozen of that company survive. They are :

Alfred Lawrence, first lieutenant and acting captain ; Thomas Rawcliffe, James Cropsey, Robert Meeker, John M. Felter, Frank Taxter, M. V. B. Bassett, Stephen Hammond, Sydney Martin, John Verplanck, Durbin See, Robert Bushell, Michael Donohue, Thomas Taxter, William Covert, Oscar McCoy, Edward Baker, Jeremiah Flannery, Florence Mahoney, John Perry, Michael Daley, William Evans, John Kenney, Charles Williamson.

Seventeen men from Tarrytown went out with the N. Y. Mounted Rifles :

General C. C. Dodge, Major Wm. H. Schieflin,* Captain Edgar A. Hamilton, Adjutant B. H. Engelke, Lieutenant Charles A. Varick,* Sergeant John H. Briggs, Sergeant Thomas Gearhart, Sergeant John Blatchley,* Corporal George L. Wiley,* Corporal James Portous, Corporal James B. Nation,* Abel Sherwood,* William Wallace, M. V. B. Romer, Peter See, Henry Palmer, F. D. Grittman.

Other Union veterans whose names occur are :

John R. Burd, 1st N. Y. Cal.; James Van Tassel, 6th N. Art.; Edward See, 7th N. Y. Art.; Abram Boyce, G, 7th N. Y. Art.; Jos. J. M. Slagel, G, 7th N. Y. Art.; B. F. Davis, 2d, 7th N. Y. S. M.; Patrick H. Bannon, K, 69th N. Y. Vol.; James Martin ; John Gilleo, 95th N. Y. Vol. ; Michael Conelly ; John Van Tassell I, 95th N. Y. Vol. John Yocom, Caleb W. Storms, John Lafurgee, William Rodman, Joseph Baker, Jacob Green, John Mack, William Robinson.

* Deceased.

Besides these there were a number of citizens who joined other organizations, and saw hot service on many Southern battlefields. Living or dead, we honor them all, remembering our debt to them.

IX

TO-DAY

A FEW years ago somebody said—and no one has contradicted the statement—that the neighborhood between Sleepy Hollow and Irvington is the wealthiest spot of ground, in proportion to its population, in the world. You cannot throw a stone, said another, without hitting a millionaire.

No words can express more forcibly the change which the hamlet of a century ago has undergone. Where the Dutch settlers hewed their homes out of the forest; where the cowboys and skinners ranged over the neutral territory; where the headless horseman found room to throw his pumpkin without hitting any one more important than poor Ichabod; where Irving wandered through sylvan lanes and be-

side babbling brooks in search of legends and folk-lore—we have mansions, gardens, equipages, and a monstrous fine population.

The Tarrytown of to-day is bounded on the north by the Rockefellers, John D. and William, whose magnificent park-like estates are the admiration of a neighborhood that has grown used to grandeur; on the south by a cluster of brilliants, among which the Gould place is not the least. Reference to the map will show the location of the most important or prominent of these country-seats, whose importance is derived both from their own beauty and the prominence of their owners.

Tarrytown was incorporated in 1870. Its sister village in 1874. The present population of the two combined is estimated at between 6741, as given by the eleventh (1890) census, and 7000. Between 1880 and 1890 there was an increase of over 1000. The greater part of the population consists of comfortable middle class and wealthy city people; the working class being a minority. The only manufactory of any importance which gives employment to operatives is the Rand Drill Works, at the foot

HOME OF WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER

of Beekman Avenue, in North Tarrytown. To discuss questions of water, sewerage, lighting, etc., is not the purpose of this book. It is enough to say that the second is adequate and the first has not yet proved itself to be inadequate to the needs of the place.

The streets, which probably reach thirty-five or forty miles in the aggregate, are generally in good condition.

The reader is referred to the carefully prepared map which accompanies this work for details relating to the location of private residences, points of (modern) interest, houses of worship, public buildings, and streets.

THE END

INDEX

A

Acherly, Lieutenant, 93
Action at Tarrytown, the, 90
Advertisement of sale of the Beekman farm, 137
Albany Postroad, 139
Albany Turnpike, 88
Alipconc, 5
Allen, Rev. John Knox, 117
Anderson property, 136
André, Major John, 84–86; Adjutant General, 87; his ride, 93; capture of, 93; taken to Reed house after his capture, 136; brook, the, 136; monument, 139
André's, horse, 94; tree, 103, 104
Andros, Governor, 8
Archer, John, 87
Arnold, Benedict, 84; his name execrated, 104
Arnold's treachery, 86

B

Bartholf, Rev. Guilliaume, 47
Battle of White Plains, 133
Bayard, Colonel, 14; account of grievances, 16; colleague of Flypse, 23; his name coupled with Captain Kidd, 25
Bayles, Nathaniel, 127

Bedford road, the, 88, 135, 138, 140, 141
Beekman, additions to manor house, 34; farm advertised, 137; Avenue, 138, 151
——— Gerard G., 31, 137, 138
——— Mrs. Cornelia, 32, 73, 138
——— Stephen D., 138
Beekmans, the, 137, 138
Beekmantown, 139
Bell of old church, 45
Bolton, his account not reliable, 128
Border raids, 80
Boundaries of the Beekman farm, 137
British, occupy heights, 82; frigates in the Hudson, 90
Brombacher's burned factory, 115
Brom Bones, 117, 134
Brush, Rev. William, 59
Bryant, Amada, 60
Buckhout, Polly, 82
Business increase after the war, 146
Butler, Col. Richard, 82
Buttermilk Hill, 85, 145

C

Captors of André, 104
Carl brook, 60
Carl's Mill, 140
Charter Oak, the, 122
Charter of liberties, 15
Chestnut tree in 40-acre lot, 30
Church, Christ, 69
——— 1st Reformed, 47, 57
——— North, division of property with the South Church, 59
——— Old Dutch, 39, 46, 60, 66; furniture of, 8; bell of, 9; structure of, 40; interior, 41; gallery, 42; closed, 65; Washington rested at, 73
——— South, 57; preaching in, 58; division of property, 59
Civil war riots, the, 62; episodes, 145
Cliff House, 129
Clinton, Sir Henry, 78

Cold Spring bridge, 88
Comb, George, built the Dean house, 130
Comb's, George, house, 127
Committee of Safety, 75
Confiscation of estate, 73
Conklin, the Quaker, 142
Constant, Judge, bought communion table, 47
Constitutional Convention, 129
Continental army passing manor-house, narrative of Mrs. Beekman, 33
Cornbury, Governor of New York, 29
Costumes of old times, 43
Courtlandt, 48
Courtship of Sleepy Hollow, 134, 135
Couenhoven house, 84, 127
Couenhoven's William, house, 130
Cowboys, 132
Crane, Ichabod, 134
Croton, 7, 72; guides, 78; aqueduct, the, 143
Cuffy Flypse, 105

D

Davids homestead, 85, 135
Dean, John, 84, 136
——— Thomas, house, 127, 130
de Deux Ponts, his account of review, etc., 90, 92
de Lancy, Oliver, 80, 134
de Peyster, Frederick, 138
de Revere, Abraham, 4, 7, 8, 28, 47
Dervall, John, 22
Destruction of sloops by the British, 91
de Vries, 6; Margareta, 6
Dobbs Ferry, 54
Dominie, the, 51
Draft riots, the, 62
Du Bois, George, 57; his salary, 58
Dunop's Yagers, 81
Dutch, Reformed Church, 14; conservatism, 50; language superseded by English, 52
Dutchmen great church-goers, 46
Dykeman's house, 127, 131

E

Ecker, Wolfert, 44, 66, 67; a well-known character, 44; his house known as Wolfert's Roost, 136
English, first baptismal service in, 52

F

Feet-washing in Pocantico, 51
Ferris, Benson, 66, 67
——— Mrs. Oliver, 67
——— Oliver, 66
——— Rev. John Mason, 58
"Fire!" Anecdote of Rev. Mr. Smith, 55
Flypse, Adolphus, succeeds to estate, 25, 26; unmarried, 28
——— Eva, 9, 31; married to Van Courtlandt, 29
——— Frederic, 6
——— Lady Catharina, 22, 27–29
——— Lady, Margarita, 27
——— Vredryk, 5, 9, 13, 114; Hon. Vredryk, 7; his castle, 10, 13, 25, 37, 39, 132; his journeys to Tarrytown, 10; the master, 11; traditionary, 14; as alderman, 15, 18; signature to certificate, 17; steals a march on Leisler, 17; thoroughness of his work, 19; death of his wife, 22; first American chosen by popular vote to represent New York, 23; richest man in the colony, 23; as a merchant, 24; his name coupled with that of Kidd, 25; buried under old church, 29; died in 1702, 29; estate and tenants, 30; not a Patroon, 31; builds a dam, 105
Flying Dutchman, the, 106, 108
Fogal's, Abraham, house, 127
Foote, Mr. occupied the old manor house, 33
Fordham, 48, 53
Fort Orange, 120
Fremont, General, 69
French, Annetje, 29
——— army move from North Castle, 89
——— Philip, 29

G

Gould mansion, 128, 150
——— Miss Helen, 128
Greenburg, 53
Grinnell, Hon. Moses H., 70

H

Hackensack, 3
Hafenje, the, 76
Half Moon, the, 106
Hammond, or Hammon, Gen. James, 52, 74; and the Committee of Safety, 133
Harlem, 48, 53
Hawes, James, 85
——— Lovine, 51
——— Mrs. James, 36
——— Solomon, 51, 52
Headless Hessian, 114, 115
Heath, General, *Memoirs*, 77
Highland turnpike, 138
Hoe, Robert, 78
Hollanders, 3
Hopkins, Major, 78
Houses of settlers, 3
Hudson, Hendrick, 106
Hulda, the witch, 97, 108, 111
Hunt, Major, 87, 88
Hunt's escape, 89
Hurlburt, Captain of 2d Light Dragoons, 91; mentioned in General Orders by Washington for his bravery at Tarrytown, 92

I

Indians, domesticated, 13
Irving, Washington, 67, 134; social life, 68, 69; *Life of Washington*, 75

J

Jackson, Rev. John F., 53
Jacob the Roman, 117

Jaffray, Edward S., 70
Jay, John, the elder, 5
Jones, Capt. Oscar, 63
Jones, Eugene, 85

K

Kakeout, Kaakiat, or Kykuit, 76, 118
Kidd, William, commissioned to chase pirates, 24
Kidd's, perversion, 25; rock, 25, 104
Kill of Kitch Awong, 7
Kingsbridge, 77
King's Highway, 110
Kingsland, Ambrose, 33, 87
Kingsland's round tower, 107
Knyphausen, the raider, 132
Kykuit voyager, the, 123

L

Lady Margarita, 22
Laudrine house, 136
——— William, 57
——— William B., 87
Lee, Lighthorse Harry, 132
Leisler, Jacob, 14–17
Leislerian faction, 14
Leni Lenapes, 98
Leonard's, John, house, 127
Lincoln, General, 77
Livingstone, Colonel, gets Kidd a commisssion, 24
Longwood road, 142, 143
Lord Flypse, 4, 7
Lord of the manor, 3

M

Main Street, 140
Manor-house, the, building, 11, 12
Manor of Philipsburg, 137
Market road, Main Street, 140
Martlings, Abram, 133
——— and Van Wart's landing, 138
——— Captain Daniel, 83, 126, 129

Martling's house, 129
——— Isaac, house, 131
——— Sergeant Isaac, 83
——— the impetuous, 80
——— the Martyr, 82, 83
Massacre of Sleepy Hollow, 82
Memorial of thanks by the tenants of Philipsburg, 26
Mill, construction, 19, 20; shingles of, 19; pond, dam, 20; said to be a port of entry, 20
Monroe, Mrs., 69
Morgan, Geo. D., 69
Mott homestead, 127
——— Jacob, 134
Mott's, Jacob, house, 131
Mounted Rifles, 147
Munson's tavern, 126
Mutzelius, Domine, 43, 48

N

Napoleon, Louis, 70
Negro exodus, 145
Neperhan, the, 81
Neutral ground, its hardships, 109
New Amsterdam, 5
North Tarrytown, 137
Norton's, Colonel, attack on Young's house, 81
Notable visitors at the Van Tassel tavern, 132

O

Onderdonk house, 129
——— Jacob, 126

P

Papist, Flypse charged with being a, 14
Parsons, General, 79
Patriotism of youth, 74
Paulding, General William, 127, 128
——— James Kirke, 47
——— John, 85, 86; at Davids' place, 136
——— Philip R., 129
Paulding's house, 126, 128

Peekskill, 77
Petticoat Lane, 81, 140
Philips, Frederick, great-grandson of Vredryk Flypse, 26; on tablet, 45
——— Miss, courted by George Washington, 31
——— Philip, Judge of Supreme Court, 25; married a lady of Barbadoes, 25
——— Sir Frederick, 31; collected his rents, 36
Philipsburg, manor of, 6, 7, 18, 22, 25; confiscated, 31; pulpit, 54
Pocantico, the, 30, 51, 101, 141; manor-house, mill, and church built on, 8; purchase, 8; trout fishing, 60; *Gazette*, 126; bridge, 140; Hills, 142
Point no Point, 106
Population of villages, 150
Post Reiter, der, 120
Public money, 14
Putnam, General Israel, 76, 132

R

Raven Rock, 111–113
Raymond, M. D., authority, 83
Redemptioners, 119
Reed house, afterwards Landrine's, 127, 136
Reform in church service, 50
Report to the crown, 1691, 21
Requa's, Gabriel, house, 131
——— Jacob, house, 126
Riggs brings letters of instruction to Leisler, 16, 17
Riots, '63, 62
Ritzemer, Rev. Johannes, 43, 48
Rockefeller, John D., 87, 136
Rockefellers, John D. and William, 150
Romer's, Captain, house, 79, 141
Royal grant to Flypse, 5

S

Saint, Nicholas 4
Savings bank, the, 66, 67
Sawmill River, the, 71
Scales for weighing gold, 36

Scharf's *History of Westchester County*, 78
Schenck, Rev. John W., 58
See, James S., 36
——— Mrs. Eliza Ann, 117
See's store, 88
Segere, Anthony, 120
Sheldon, Colonel of regiment at Dobbs Ferry, 91
Skinners, 132
Slapering Hafen, 76
Sloughter, Sir Henry, 17; arrival in New York, 18
Slave-whipper, the, 142
Slavery abolished, 142
Sleepy Hollow, 68, 71, 142; mill, 141; road, 141, 143
Smith, Rev., his energy in establishing churches, 54; his burial place, 57
——— Mrs., a modern Xantippe, 56
Smith's, Martin, tavern, 84, 127
Smoke-house, 13
Sniffin house, 131
Spook Rock, the, 96, 98, 102, 108
Spuyten Duyvel, 7
Stewart, Rev. Abel T., 59, 60–62, 65, 145; meets rioters, 63; calls rioters friends, 64
Storm, Captain Jacob, 33
Streets, extent of, 151
Sugar House, 79
Sunnyside, 136; glen, 67; rebuilt by Irving, 68; ivy, 70
Survivors of Company H, 32d Regiment, 146

T

Tappan, 102; Zee, 106; British fire-ships in, 76
Tarrytown, purchase, 8; in Greenburg, 137; incorporated, 150
Tenantry of estate, 4
Thirty-Second Regiment, 146
Thrones, 49
Todd, Rev. John A., his account of British landing at Tarrytown, 78
Trading boat, 2
Trénagh, Judah, 118; her ride, 121
Tryon, Governor, his cruelty, 79

U

Underhill, Nathaniel, 82, 83
Union veterans, 147

V

Valley of the Hudson, 141
Van Courtlandt, 9, 14, 72
——— Catherine, 22
——— Cornelia, granddaughter of Cornelius, 32
——— Cornelius, 31; signature to a certificate, 17; marries Eva Flypse, 29
——— Katrina, on tablet, 45
——— Olaff, 22; colleague of Flypse, 24
——— Pierre, 75
——— Stephanus, 16, 22
Van Dam, Rambout, 123
Van Houghten, 48
Van Tassel house, 127
——— Jacob, and his "goose gun," 66
——— Katrina, 135
——— Peter and Cornelius, their houses burned by the British, 79
Van Tassel's, Elizabeth, tavern, 80, 87, 131
Van Voorhees, Rev. Stephen, 49, 50, 53; baptizes Lovine Hawes in English, 52
Van Wart, Isaac, 85

W

War for Independence, 71
War-ships on the Hudson, 75, 76
Washington, General, 77, 132; *Life of*, 70; mentions old church, 73; reviews the allies, 89; diary for 1781, 92
Water Street, 83
Wayne, Anthony, "Madcap," 132
Wealth of Tarrytown, 149
Webb, General James Watson, 69
Weber property, 140
Westchester County, 7
Whale-boats, patrol, 72

Wharf, the, 10
White Plains, convention, 76; road, 81, 140; old road, 87; battle of, 135
William and Mary, 8
Williams, David, 85
Wilson, Rev. Joseph, 58
Wolfert's Roost, 44, 66
Woman of the Cliff, the, 113

Y

Yerks, Van Wart, and Strong captured, 92
Yonkers manor-house, 9
Yorktown, 51
Youngs house, 81

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